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THE LADY JEAN COCHRANE

One of this year's *débutantes*

No. 139.—Vol. XI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Old Dominion." By Mary Johnston. (Constable: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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"The Little Gate of Tears." By Austin Clare. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Bar." By Margery Williams. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Mystery of Magdalen." By Mrs. C. Kernahan. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Brangwym Mystery." By D. C. Murray. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Kingdom of Mammon." By Violet Tweedale. (6*d.*)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
August 1, 1906

We are glad to notice, in the *Express*, a discussion entitled "Are We Growing Less Religious?" These public self-searchings on the part of the Editors of our great newspapers cannot but do them immense good.

* * *

It is true that the Conservative Press, of late, has not been uniformly loyal to its leaders, but it was a little startling to find the *Standard* going so far to assist the Radicals as to publish a poem on South Africa by Mr. Kipling.

* * *

"Great Man Rises in Russia at Last," announced a halfpenny placard. We hope this is the last rising we shall hear of in Russia.

* * *

The Tsar, we learn, is in such a state that he has ordered the works of the Dumas (*père* and *fils*) to be hurled into the Peterhof ponds.

* * *

The proposed abolition of the motor-car speed limit has, we understand, caused much dissatisfaction among the Surrey constabulary, who fear that if it comes into force they will be compelled to revert to the detection of crime.

* * *

A Bank Holiday discovery

INTELLIGENT TRIPPER: "Humph! I orften wondered where all the worter came from"

A labourer has found a bright half-sovereign of the reign of Elizabeth under an old shop at Colchester. This is paralleled by the case of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, who recently, it will be recollected, found a couple of ancient crowns in Norway.

* * *

The carnation is, next to the rose, the most popular English flower, a contemporary states. A view of English roads, just now, certainly suggests a Car-nation.

* * *

"We report, with deep regret," says the *Gold Coast Leader*, "the death of old Madame Aframmah, of Low Town, which took place on the evening of the 6th inst. She was buried next day with the Amateur Brass Band." There are some paltry African customs which might well be introduced into England.

* * *

The Cardiff Shipowners' Association recently adopted a resolution urging the Government to acquire Lundy Island as a naval base, but it is believed that this rough-and-ready method of reducing our Navy is not likely to appeal even to extremists.

* * *

It appears that the parlourmaid has displaced the boy in buttons. Another page in our history closed.

* * *

We regret that the joke about Bambaata losing his head in Africa, and Mr. Churchill losing his in Parliament, found no place in our columns last week. We knew the joke, and had a kindly feeling for it, but it received such widespread hospitality in other papers that our omission may, perhaps, not harm the little fellow.

* * *

Complaints are, as usual, being heard *re* the ventilation of the House of Commons, and it is now proposed to call in a committee of eminent Irish Members, who have, at different periods, probably, ventilated everything.

The "D. M." has discovered the Eton Slouch

From gait conventional has Eton freed
Alike its wetbob, cricketer, and loafer.
Who play or read, 'tis now decreed
Shall Slouch, both wily fag and muddied oaf-er.

Where lag the names unblazoned on the Scroll
Of Slouches? Can't we have a Harrow Hobble,
A Rugby Stroll, a Dulwich Roll,
A Haileybury Hump, or Malvern Wobble?

* * *

The Rev. Father Toner travelled all the way from Pittsburg, U.S.A., to record his vote for the successful Nationalist candidate in the East Tyrone Election. This should be a lesson to English electors, who, when provided with automobiles for their journey to the poll, are very fastidious about the make of car.

Religion on the Racecourse

(The Débutante Moralises at Goodwood)

Penalties for Worldly Comfort

I think I would rather have done anything to-day, Ian, but go racing. Papa escaped it with the illicit aid of a toothache. But a great many people here are suffering from toothache or something worse. There's Mrs. Forlorn Hope with rouge smeared over her influenza. If she only had a little less money, it would be heaps better for her constitution. Why make Goodwood the junction for eternity?

Do you think you'll go to heaven? I've been very scared since Father Vaughan anathematised Bridge. And I was getting on so well. I don't want to be frivolous and insincere, but one's *fiancés* are so excitable. What was that quotation they used to make me write out at convent. "*Vaughanitas vaughanitatum, et omnia vaughanitas*"—it was something like that. But I have my own theories about the penalties for being rich and comfortable. Would you like to hear them? Well, put your head on one side, and listen.

The latest social craze

Ballooning having been voted *bourgeois*, the latest distraction of the Smart Set is deep-sea diving. Submarine parties will be quite the feature of the summer season, and smart people are frequently to be seen round about the feet of the various piers

Costumes in the Future State

According as we wear Longcloth, Nainsook, or Nun's Veiling in this world, so shall we be condemned in another existence to wear Canvas, Sackcloth, or Tarpaulin. What I pay 12*s.* 6*d.* for now, I shall probably have to get somehow for 1*s.* 11*d.* in my next term. A *crêpe-de-chine* sin will produce a calico punishment. I can only surmise how I reached the silk status. I was probably a vicar's daughter (in voile) in a former period, and made myself responsible for the appropriate clothing of the infants of the poor, or the adequate tooth-brushing of the uncivilised negro. I must have been very, very good, Berkeley Square good, you know, beautiful as well as innocent. I'm fairly virtuous now, of course, but two or three sins a day are necessary, or one would feel uncharitable. I am afraid I shall earn flannelette, at least. Whatever will happen to poor Lady Fratton I dare not think. She is at present, roughly speaking, in the velvet class, and her friends say she has patented the innocent co-respondent. She is racing headlong to brown holland.

The silk status is rather a capture, but it is difficult to defy its temptations. Silk petticoats certainly mould character, and enforce subscriptions to the Rebuilding Fund, but at the same time no woman putting on silk stockings can feel entirely æsthetic. Silk umbrellas encourage the clubman, but silken night attire makes one get up early in the morning. There are certainly two sides to the question. The man who invented shot silk was a cynic.

Of course, it's only a theory, Ian, but whatever happens to you, it is quite certain that you must have clothes. And you've embraced me so often without permission that you'll never get Poole's in your next term.

A Chance Even for Duchesses

I suppose even duchesses wouldn't be diplomatic if they had a guarantee that honesty would ensure their regeneration as duchesses? No wonder they go in for politics, or intemperance, the pet topic of the matinée girl. I wonder why the heat makes one moralise?

Can we find a corner, do you think, where the women won't look at my dress? I feel tempted to take it off and pass it round. Oh, there would be nothing improper in that, M'sieur, if you only knew or noticed. The unders are often much more moral than the overs. Why do you always lead me on to talk about clothes? Wait till you see me in the autumn in the living pictures at Crailsham. I've booked up Aphrodite and Joan of Arc. I wish you could tell me if she wore much at the stake. I asked Mrs. Skynner-Smythe, and she only said she would make all the necessary arrangements. Perhaps one costume will do for both.

When is all this dreary racing going to be over? If I marry you, Ian, we'll come to an understanding to leave London after the Eton and Harrow every year. You shall take me to a little *plage* where I can bathe in an ugly costume, and eat heaps of peas for dinner without being sneered at. Then you may have a fortnight with the grouse, and I can hear about all the wickedness that has gone on in the preceding month. When you've killed enough of the nasty little birds, we'll yacht. Will that do? Ah! but I won't marry you. Everybody expects that I will, so you musn't even hope.

B. M. H.

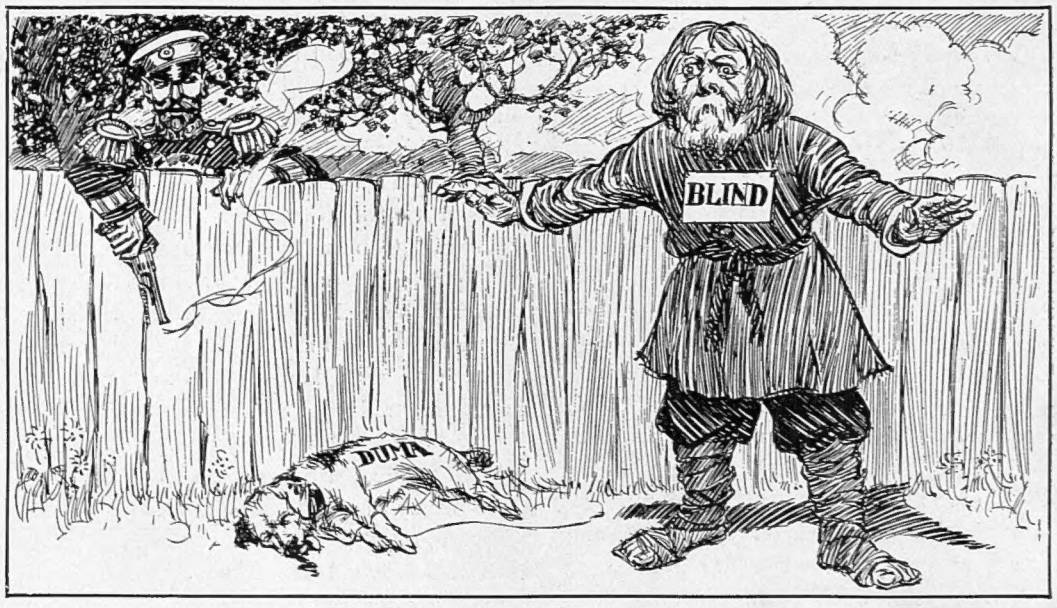
The Topictator

A Holiday Recipe

"Sent the wife and family abroad. I join 'em, *if possible*, in a week. H'm. Don't think it *will* be possible. Haven't enjoyed myself so much for twenty years"

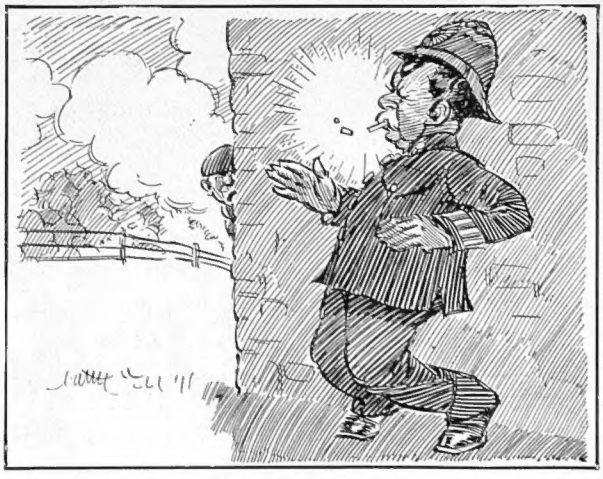
Lees' Benefit at the Oval

HIRST (*Cœur de Lion*): "Hope thou'lt find thou'st beaten my record when thou coom'st t' count oop, laad—thou'rt good Yorkshire"



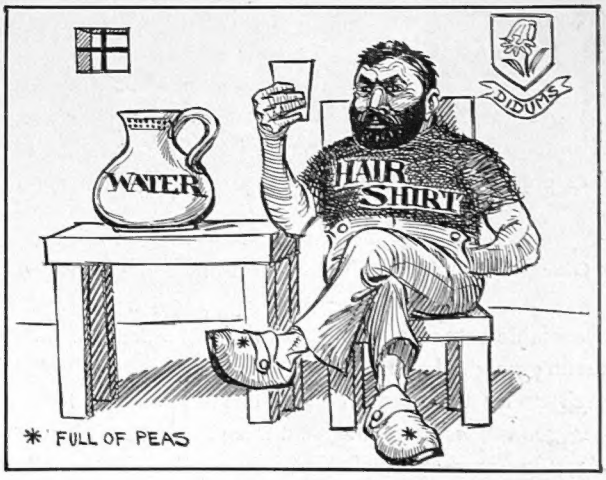
Blindly Groping Once More

AUTOCRACY: "*Now* what are you going to do?"



A Warning

The Select Committee on Juvenile Smoking recommends that the police shall have power to confiscate cigarettes found on boys under sixteen. Excellent idea, but beware of the "cracker" cigarette, O Robert!



Shame!

We are much distressed at the cruel cartoonery published in *Punch* and other papers anent Mr. Will Crooks and the Poplar Guardians. To prevent any further misapprehension, we beg to state that the above is a correct representation of the facts

RACING NOTIONS: By "CARBINE"

GOODWOOD PROSPECTS

The Duke of Richmond and the Meeting

One cannot help admiring the enthusiastic, whole-hearted way in which the Duke of Richmond has devoted himself to the task of modernising the Goodwood racecourse. Even when the Earl of March, under which title he did a lot of valuable work as Steward of the Jockey Club, he worked hard for the meeting. But his hands were tied. The old Duke, fine sportsman though he was, would not listen to the idea of pulling down the stands. "They have been good enough for people during all my time," was the argument of the *grand seigneur*, "so why change them now?" But his son saw with a clearer eye the necessity for marching with the times. He found the Goodwood course practically the same as the Lord George Bentinck left it sixty years ago. At that distant time it was a model meeting, but in the twentieth century the buildings had become hopelessly antiquated.

Some of the Improvements

And so the Duke set to work when he succeeded to the title and estates. He did not move alone. He called in to his assistance Mr. Joe Davis, who had done so much to raise Hurst Park to its present popularity. They razed the old stand to the ground, and in its place we find a building worthy of the reputation of "Glorious Goodwood," as it is so happily called. The new stands are modelled on Sandown Park, yet being a year or two younger are even more up to date Last year, people thought that one enclosure was too small and the other too large, and complaints in other directions were made. The Duke of Richmond listened to everything, and has never ceased to try to remedy defects. This year the Stewards' Cup course will be found almost perfect, and this in itself is a notable achievement, as those people will testify who remember what a great advantage horses on the rising ground at the start have enjoyed hitherto.

Glorious Indeed!

It has been possible to bring Goodwood thoroughly up to date without destroying to any appreciable extent that ideal picnicky character of the meeting which distinguished it from all others. To lunch under those magnificent beeches, and to look over good horses in the picturesque paddock, is a delightful experience. In fine weather Goodwood and its surroundings are glorious indeed. In a word, it is a racing paradise. The Queen is fonder of Goodwood than any other meeting, and there will be widespread regret that Her Majesty is prevented this time from honouring Goodwood House with her presence. But the King is staying there, and so is the Prince of Wales, so that from the social standpoint the meeting loses little in importance. It is a relief to know that the "topper" may be left at home this year. It is all very well at ultra-fashionable Ascot, but I think the old strict hard-and-fast etiquette of men's dress might well be dispensed with at Epsom and Goodwood.

Prospects of the Races

The chances of good racing are very fair. We are not likely to see anything particularly brilliant, but just average Goodwood sport. Of late years the entries have not been so important, taking them all round, as in old days, but now that the Duke of Richmond is putting his whole heart and soul into the gathering, I think things are likely to improve. Within an hour or two of these pages reaching the reader the Stewards' Cup will have been decided, so I must pass at once to Wednesday's programme, which is headed in interest by the Goodwood Plate. At first glance Pradella looks well for this event, judging by her splendid form in her last two races, but calmer reflection shows that **Hammerkop** ought surely to have no difficulty in conceding 5 lb. to the Manton mare, seeing that she gave her a stone, and beat her by the length of a street in the Cesarewitch. What about Black Arrow for the Sussex Stakes? It was at Goodwood last season that he first began his monkey tricks, and the fearful fiasco at Liverpool last week shows how little he is to be relied on. Of the others, I should prefer Troutbeck to Sancy and Lally.

The Goodwood Cup

On Thursday we have the Goodwood Cup, and I am doubtful when Llangibby stays two and a half miles, and St. Amant cannot be depended on nowadays, so I am taking **Plum Centre** to win. **Traquair** will win the Prince of Wales's Stakes, if he starts—this must be taken in more ways than one after his escapade at Sandown—but in his absence **The Sun** will be worth attention. Similarly, **Keystone II.** would have no difficulty in winning the Nassau Stakes on Friday, but Victorious may be sent instead. I would suggest **Cherry Ripe** for the Chesterfield Cup, and **My Pet II.** ought to continue his winning record in the Molecamb Stakes. On Bank Holiday, the Hurst Park meeting will attract the usual mammoth crowd, which may see **Sella** take the Holiday Plate.

Lord Dalmeny's Double Triumph

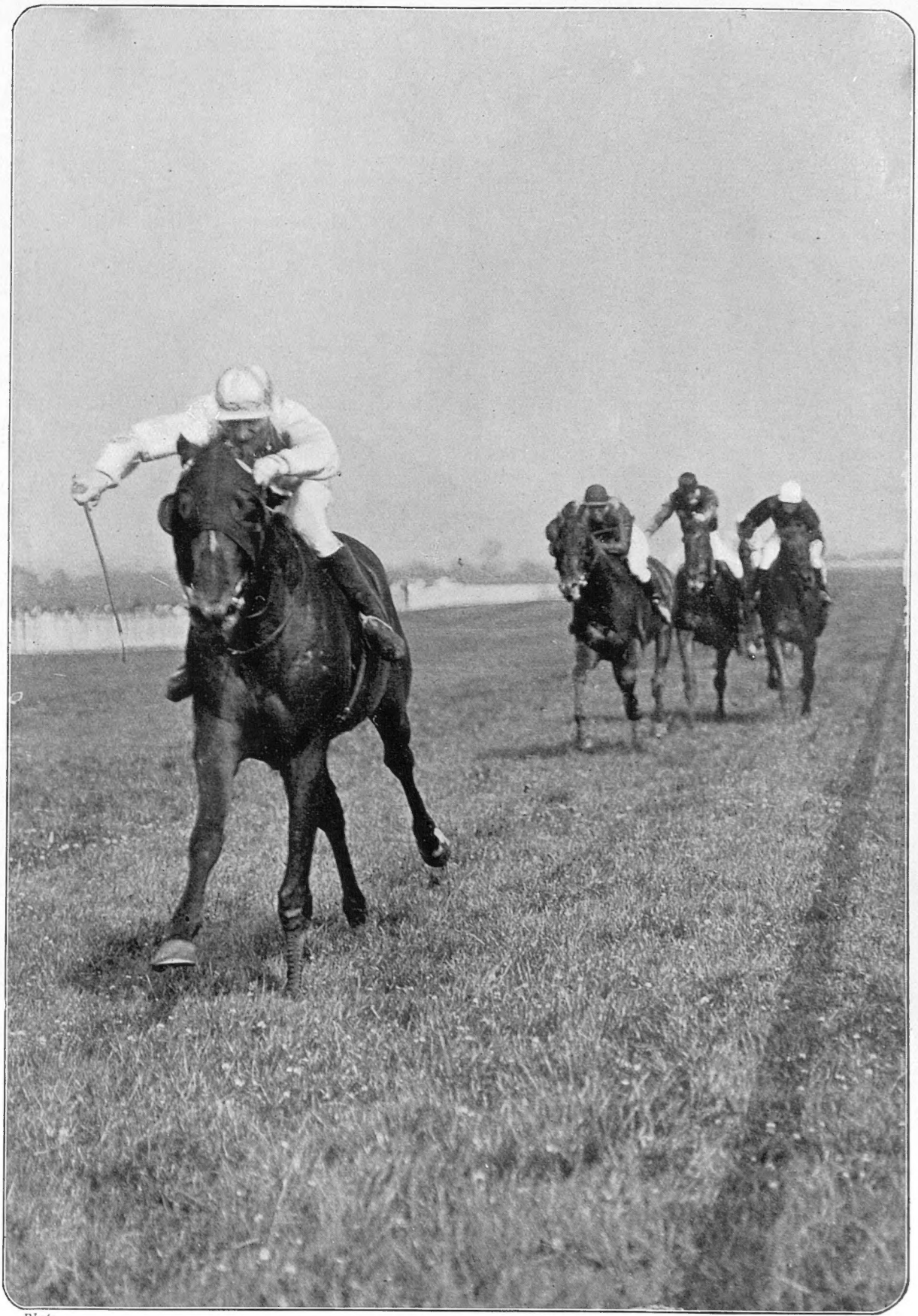


Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

Ramrod winning the Newbury Summer Cup while his owner's eleven was beating Yorkshire

Lord Dalmeny's sporting career reached a climax last week. While his captaincy (aided by his brilliant batting) was helping Surrey to victory at the Oval, his horse Ramrod was winning the Newbury Summer Cup in the brilliant fashion above shown

ROUND THE TOWN

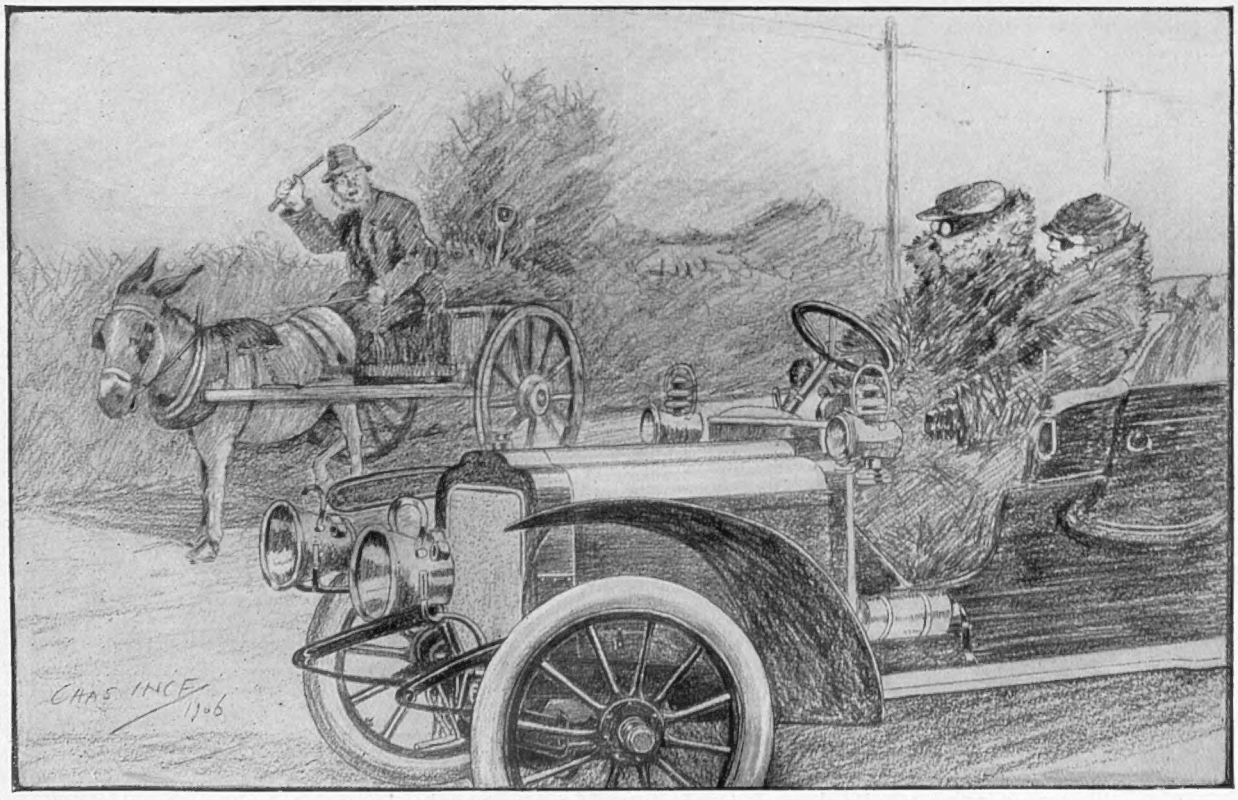
The Last Week of the Season

Both the King and the Prince of Wales had a strenuous time of it last week before leaving for Goodwood, and the fact that they also, accompanied by the Queen and the Princess of Wales, attended the wedding of Lady Mary Acheson and Mr. Robert Ward at St. George's, Hanover Square, kept many people in Town who would otherwise have flown North, South, or cure-wards. The season, indeed, wound up with a perfect rush of weddings, those of Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson and Captain Harold Brassey, Miss Alice Grenfell and Mr. Francis Mildmay, M.P., and Lady Lilian Liddell with Commander Digby, all taking place last week, while the last big ball of the season was given by Lord Rosebery on Friday night, when his daughters, Lady Crewe and Lady Sybil Grant, received his guests for him, Lord Dalmeny being, of course, the centre of attraction.

* * *

The Infinitely Proud Possessor of a Great Name

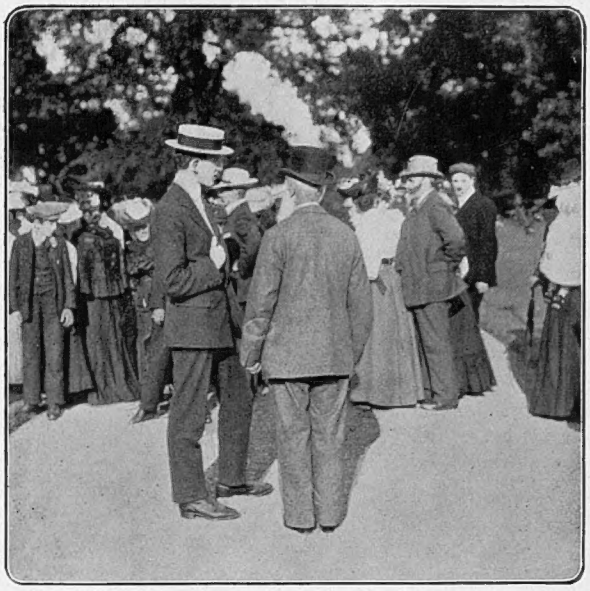
A becoming modesty not often noticeable in youthful and masculine human nature in these days was the chief feature of the demeanour of the young Squire of Hawarden, Mr. William Glynn Charles Gladstone, last week when, in endeavouring, as befitted the secretary of the Oxford Union—that forcing-bed of so many a public speaker—to make fitting and graceful acknowledgment of the numerous addresses, gifts, and congratulations, of which he was the recipient, he told his tenantry that he felt unworthy of the honour and welcome they accorded him, and that he quite realised that "they were doing honour to a great name, of which I am only a humble, though infinitely proud, possessor." His position, however, as Secretary of the Oxford Union, at which he is a prominent speaker, is his first public step in the path trodden before him by his illustrious grandfather, who was himself one of the first officials of the Union. Few members of the Gladstone clan, needless to say, were absent from the family gathering at Hawarden Castle last week, the Right Hon. Herbert, his habitual solemnity for once laid aside, with his handsome wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Stephen, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gladstone, making a decidedly interesting group of uncles and aunts. The Dean of Lincoln, Lord Cobham, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Lady Lyttelton, and the great Statesman's favourite grandchild, Miss Dorothy Drew, were amongst the party assembled in honour of the event, and one of the most interesting presentations was a picture of the young Squire himself, painted by Mr. Shirley Slocombe, R.C.A., and given by his aunt, Lady Baird.



An effective speed limit

MOTORISTS (*who have had to pull up because of the donkey shying*): "Do you mean to say that your donkey hasn't got used to motor cars yet?"
COUNTRYMAN: "Be that 'e 'as, sir, I can't make it oot. I've only know'd 'im shy once afore, and that was at the wild beasts in a travelling circus!"

Hawarden Honours "Mr. G." the Junior

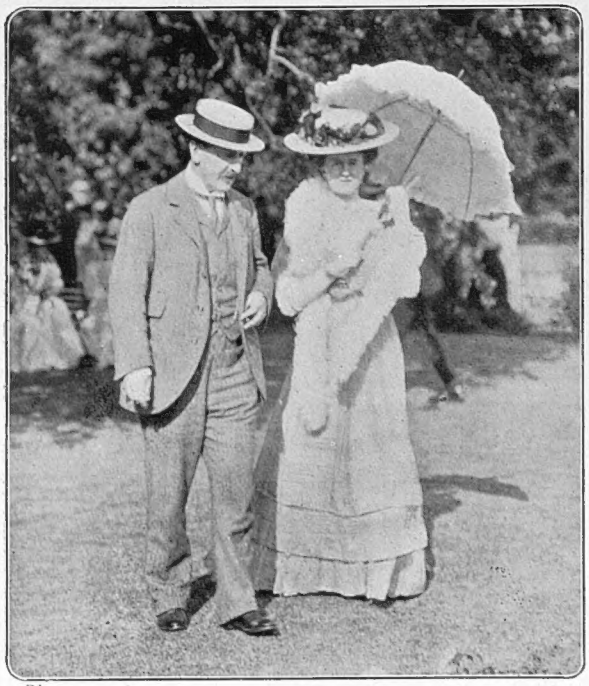


Tales of Grandfather?
Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone talking to one of the oldest tenants

The comic cricket match
One of the items of a great programme, to which the tenantry was invited, and a host of well-known political people

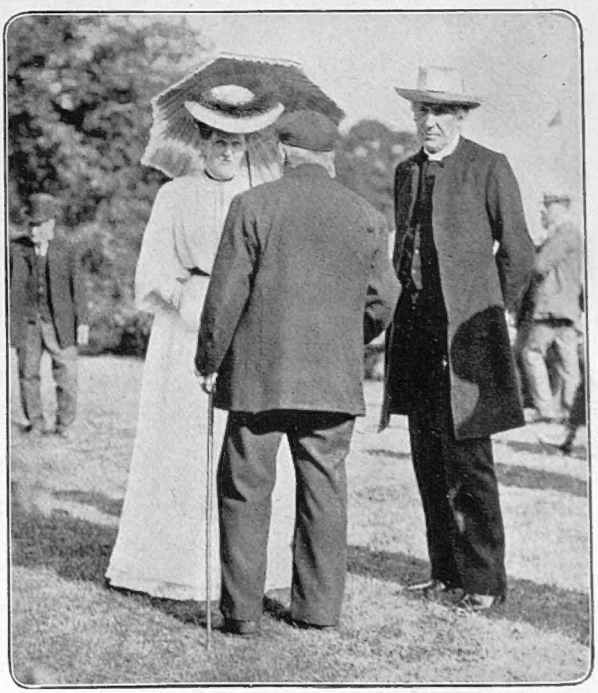
The Misses Gladstone Miss Ellen Gladstone Mrs. Gladstone Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone Mr. H. N. Gladstone

Watching the Cricket Match at Hawarden: A study in expressions



Photos

The Right Hon. and Mrs. Herbert Gladstone
The Home Secretary was, doubtless, glad to be free for a day from the agony of Question time in the House



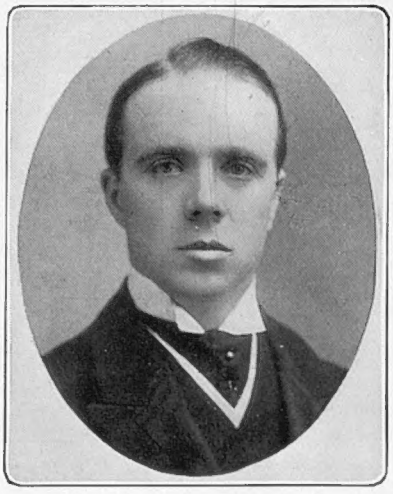
Illustrations Bureau

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone (right) and Mrs. S. Gladstone
Talking to the tenants. Mr. Gladstone is the second son of the deceased Statesman, and rector of Barrowby, Lincolnshire

Mr. Lloyd-George on the "Worcester"

The Townshend Affair

In view of the recent oratorical disclosures on the sins of that section of Society we call the Aristocracy, it is, perhaps, absurd and provincial to be surprised, much less shocked, at the revelations with regard to marriage-brokerage and the like, which were made last week at the inquisition into the mental condition of the Marquess Townshend ordered by Lord Justice Vaughan Williams on the petition of the Official Solicitor. The case, it will be remembered, first came before the public in March last, when the Dowager Marchioness took legal steps to procure the release of her son from the imprisonment in which he was alleged to be kept in the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Sutherst, in Bruton Street; the issue now before the Courts is whether or not the Marquess is mentally fit. In appearance, the Marquess, although he is forty years of age, looks about twenty. He has an enormous head, on a very attenuated body, and a high falsetto voice. Against these physical characteristics, however, may be set the fact that up to a year or so ago Lord Townshend's "life," in an insurance sense, was a perfect one. He is related to the Royal Family through his mother, who is the daughter of the fifth Earl of Fife, the present Duke being her brother and Lady Audrey Buller and Lady St. Levan her sisters. The daughters of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife are, therefore, first cousins of the Marquess Townshend.



The Marquess of Townshend

Whose matrimonial affairs have been the talk of the town and of the Law Courts

* * *

The Marchioness's Family

The family of the young Marchioness, however, cannot be said to be quite so socially distinguished and blue-blooded as is that of her husband. In fact, beyond the commercial fact that her father, Mr. Sutherst, went through the Bankruptcy Courts some years ago and has not yet obtained his discharge, and that the Marchioness now and again bursts out into poetry of a flowery nature, no one, in what may be called the world to which the Marquess by birth belongs, ever seems to have heard of the family before. As a marriage-broker, however, Mr. Sutherst would appear to possess exceptional powers, and that is a useful calling nowadays.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Liberals and the Navy

Mr. Lloyd-George (President of the Board of Trade) on board H.M. training-ship *Worcester*, accompanied by Mrs. Lloyd-George (right), Admiral Fremantle, and Lord Brassey. Mr. George made an optimistic speech to the cadets on British mercantile supremacy

A Matrimonial Cause Célèbre

Domestic Troubles

The French maid and the free-born American, recent litigation would appear to prove, do not exactly hit it off, and the troubles of the higher sections of Society in regard to servants, when sifted down, appear to be exactly the same as the troubles of the suburban housewife, whose domestic *ménage* is limited to a doubtful cook and another still more doubtful housemaid. Lady Tankerville's French maid refused point blank to travel in the luggage-cart, just as Mrs. Smith of Suburbia's little maid refuses to put any elbow-grease on to "master's" boots, and Lady Tankerville's French maid brought a case against her employer, and nearly won it, just as Mrs. Smith's marchioness would bring a case against her employer and (most surely) win it. The only surprising part of the Tankerville *v.* French maid case is that Lady Tankerville, being one of those pearls of great price, an American married to an English peer, should, as that most exceptional and gifted of beings, an American woman, allow for one moment such a half-civilised (compared with the same *genre* in America) creature as a French maid to annoy her to the extent of bringing an action! Doubtless, English air and the society of peers has a disturbing influence.

Photo Maull nd Fox

Lady Tankerville

Who has had recent trouble in the Courts with a French maid. She is an American, and married the Earl of Tankerville in 1895

* * *

Too Much Tea on the Terrace

Members of Parliament, even the brand new ones introduced by the new Government, are so bored with the frightful influx of ladies to tea, they don't know what to do, and one of them is actually suggesting that a ballot should be held and tickets allotted to Members, for one day a week only, according to the result. Wives of former Members under the Balfour *régime* and wives of Members of the present Opposition have made, this season, rather a point of *not* taking tea on the Terrace, thereby leaving the field entirely clear to the Liberal and Labour ladies, who have turned up in their hundreds, not only as wives but as sisters, friends, cousins, aunts, and even would-be electors. It would seem, indeed, that Liberal and Labour Members do their duty by the State, in so far as having a large family is concerned, far better than do the Conservatives, for women have positively swarmed in the lobbies and on the terraces of the House during the present Session. Indeed, in such numbers and with such persistency have they arrived at the House just about four o'clock that complaints have been made, chiefly, I believe, by the aforesaid woman-bereft Opposition, that their constant presence has been a real check on the business of the day. I fear, however, such complaints will have very little effect. It is more than natural that the womenfolk of the present Party should want to come to tea. To most of them, up to the beginning of this year, tea on the Terrace has been just about as much outside their province in life as, well, dinner at the

Lady Townshend consulting her counsel

Between the sittings, on one of the most remarkable matrimonial *causes célèbres* of recent years, in which it is alleged that the Marquess was kidnapped and confined to his house in Brook Street, on the plea of insanity, by his wife, and a remarkable story of his marriage has been divulged

And Should Etonians Slouch?

Carlton or a yacht at Cowes, and now that such a chance is, by the divine aid of Chinese scares and small loaves, within their reach, is it any wonder they take unlimited advantage of it? Some of them, the Labour Members' ladies, for instance, might be kept away by posting up a notice to the effect that costumes for the Terrace must be in the entire, blouses and tweed skirts—even those they wore at the Foreign Office reception, for instance—not being in accord with the sartorial traditions of the place; and to cap it all, last week some of our visitors of the Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congress were taken to tea on the Terrace (see a photograph opposite), and, no doubt, told by their *cicerones* that they were mingling with the *élite* of British political fashion and beauty.

* * *

The Eton Slouch

If, awhile ago, Britain was suffering from too much inertia, it seems to me that, just now, we have bounded to the other extreme, and are getting altogether too meddlesome. Too many people are busy prying into the business of too many others. Scarce a week but some ranting busybody, with an eye to the halfpenny Press, discovers that somebody else is doing something he or she ought not to be doing, that their food, or their dress, or their amusements, or their morals, or something else that is theirs, is wrong. The latest institution to come in for censure is the good old Eton "slouch." The great school, it seems, may not do as it likes with its own feet—may not call its sole its own—without an interfering general officer, General Oliphant, taking it to task. Of course, the General may be, and really is, perfectly right, but that does not excuse him. The slouch is Eton's own, and if Eton is to drop it and substitute the Prussian goose-step, I think it may do so after "the Invasion of 1910," but probably not before. And if one thing were needed to make an Etonian more than ever determined to stick to his slouch, it would be the fact that one of those egregious "well-known doctors" who loom up in Carmelite House every day on some new inanity, says that it is "dangerous to health." As the same authority told us a day or two earlier that it was "dangerous to health" to eat peas in the summer months, he has hopelessly abdicated all claim to be regarded as a serious person.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan (centre)
The famous American politician, and Presidential candidate, who made an eloquent speech in favour of Peace to the Inter-Parliamentary Congress last week

Photo] **The Eton Slouch (photographed in action)** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The great school was recently severely lectured by General Sir Lawrence Oliphant on the slovenly walk which is in vogue there. Readers can judge from the above group whether or no the charge is well founded. Meanwhile, Eton continues to slouch as before, and is likely to go on slouching, no matter if the whole General Staff, the War Office, and the Defence Committee together say it shouldn't

Outdoor Tea in Town and Where Taken

On the Terrace at Westminster

After the heavy business of discussing Peace, Arbitration, and the Brotherhood of Man, the members of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference were entertained at tea on the Terrace by various M.P.'s. Above, Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P. (seated), is showing to Count Goblet d'Alviella (Belgium), and some other delegates, his wonderful collection of Parliamentary photographs

Photo *Bunn...*

Under the trees in Kensington Gardens

The nearest England can get in summer to the Continental *al fresco* system of eating, is an open-air tea garden in one or two of the parks. The above is, perhaps, the best of the kind, and is frequented very largely during the summer by thirsty and tired park-farers

Cowes Prospects—Goodwood Week

A Royal Gathering

Owing, I hear, entirely to the fact that the young King and Queen of Spain will be at Cowes for the week, Her Majesty the Queen has signified her intention of attending the regatta, in spite of the deep mourning she is still in. So there will be quite a Royal family party in the Solent before they all disperse, the King to his cure, the Queen to Denmark, where she intends putting the final touch to her new villa, and the King and Queen of Spain to Aberdeenshire, where they are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Leith, of Fyvie, at Fyvie Castle, and where Queen Victoria hopes to makes re-acquaintance with all her old-time friends at Balmoral.

* * *

Cowes Prospects

Cowes week, indeed, promises to be unusually brilliant this year, and few houses remain untaken in the neighbourhood. For the last fortnight, the waters of the Solent have been full of craft preparing and fitting up, amongst them the *Onyx*, on which Lord and Lady Lathom are expecting a big party, Lord Lonsdale's *Norseman*, Lord Cork's *Isa*, and the *Grinaig*, the Duke of Westminster's steam-yacht, which, having been repainted and otherwise furbished up, is looking particularly smart. Another yacht, which, owing to the various transformations she has undergone, and the fact that, built for the Khedive Ismail in 1865, she has now been turned into a turbine vessel of the most luxurious type, is the Khedive's *Mahronsa*, on which His Highness will, as usual, give a big party. Another foreign-owned yacht is, of course, the German Emperor's schooner-yacht *Meteor*, and she, too, has been lying in our waters for some weeks, whilst it is rumoured down there that the Kaiser has purchased from Mr. Armour his American-built steam-yacht *Utowana*, which may come to Cowes.

* * *

King Edward the Easy

Who would not be King of England? Really, it is impossible almost even to imagine a more delightful existence than that led by the King at the present time. Entirely free from the troubles which hedge in and suffocatingly beset less fortunate monarchs—who are compelled to mix up more in politics, and to take sides, than he is—the English Sovereign is able to make one long holiday of life, especially when, the Court being in the deepest mourning, four Drawing Rooms make up the sum total of Court entertainment or functions during the entire season. Cruising in the Mediterranean during those dreadful months of the year we in this little island call Spring, His Majesty, full of health and spirits, returned to England just as the London as well as the racing seasons were in full swing, and hardly a race has taken place since at which the King has not been present. This week, Goodwood rings down the curtain on what must have been, for His Majesty, a most delightful season, filled as it has been completely with the amusements and pastimes which he most prefers, and which are generally out of the reach of other monarchs.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox

Who will act as hostess at Goodwood House during the meeting. She is the younger daughter of the Duke by his second wife, who died in 1887

A beautiful debutante

Lady Dorothy Browne, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, who, prior to being presented at St. James's, was at the Viceregal Court in Dublin

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Goodwood

For the Goodwood Meeting, the King is honouring the Duke of Richmond with his presence at Goodwood House (now installed throughout with electricity—a much-needed improvement) for the week, and he will proceed on Friday to Chichester Station, from whence he will travel direct to Portsmouth Harbour. There the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* will await him (his new turbine-yacht *Alexandra* not being in commission till next June, and his new racing-yacht *Britannia II.*, now being built on the Clyde, not being ready for use till next year either), and will proceed at once to the Cowes Roads. In a fortnight's time, His Majesty starts his cure at Marienbad, for which the usual rooms have been taken for three weeks at the Hotel Weimar, and it is not expected that His Majesty will be in London again for some time, except, perhaps, just as a passer-through for a night or so, as he intends going North to enjoy the beauties of September in Scotland immediately his "cure" is completed.

Lords v. Commons at Bisley

An Unmarried Hostess

At Goodwood House, during the Royal visit, the honours will be done by Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, the only remaining unmarried daughter of the Duke of Richmond, assisted by her aunt, Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, whose skill, by the way, in fine embroidery, is so advanced. She has succeeded in embroidering, for the State bedroom of the house, bed and chair coverings which match very creditably the old tapestries which adorn the walls. Lady Helen is, of course, the younger daughter of the Duke by his second marriage, and acts as hostess for her father both in town and country, the latter *milieu* being very much more to her taste than the former.

* * *

An Irish Débutante

One of the most charming *débutantes* of a season not conspicuous for the number of young girls whose first appearance in the world of pleasure it has seen is Lady Dorothy Browne, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, the latter of whom Lady Dorothy closely resembles. Lady Dorothy, whose interest in things Hibernian is only equalled by that of her mother in Irish industries and, formerly, amateur theatricals, was a guest at the Viceregal Court in Dublin during the first weeks of the Liberal *régime*, so her appearance at the Court of St. James's was not her first experience of such things.

Much as I admire Father Vaughan, and however true I believe some of his strictures on the "Smart Set" to be, I must say I think he is just a little overstepping the mark when he talks about young *débutantes* and their gambling habits. Of course, there are a good many young unmarried women in Society whose passion for Bridge has far exceeded their never particularly enthusiastic regard for virtue, but these could, by no stretch of the imagination, be called "innocent young girls." Surely, the Father is not referring to them? He may be; there is no more limit to the gullibility of man than there is to the deceitfulness of appearance where these young women are concerned.

* * *

Lords Again Successful

Really, in sporting matters, the Lords are decidedly getting the better of the Commons in this year of grace. At polo they beat them hollow, and at Bisley their powers of marksmanship were several shades more stylish than those of their brethren in the Lower House. Lord Waldegrave as captain, and Lord Cheylesmore as a veteran, were, of course, expected to do well, but, as a matter of fact, they were both out-distanced by the Duke of Wellington, who made the highest score of the match, while Lord Montagu of Beaulieu proved that an excess of motoring does not, as might be surmised, put one's eye out so very much. Lord Lovat, Lord St. Oswald, and the Earl of Arran, were the remaining competitors, and Mr. George Wyndham captained a team of Commons, which included Mr. G. L. Courthope and Mr. Hamar Greenwood.

Photo] **The Lords v. Commons' Match at Bisley: The Peers' team, which won by eighteen points** [*Chas. Knight and Son*

Left to right: Colonel Hopton, the Earl of Arran, Lord Cheylesmore, Duke of Wellington, Earl Waldegrave, Lord Lovat, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Lord St. Oswald

Jack Tar Takes Tea at Eastbourne

Catching Them Young

To catch them young and early is apparently the maxim of the Aero Club, for, as a return for the hospitality shown them by the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House the other day, the members thereof there and then enrolled his son and heir, the Marquess of Stafford, as their youngest member. Lord Stafford is eighteen, a great sportsman, and as keen on the life of the Highlands as is his father, which is saying a good deal, for the Duke, with his million and a quarter acres, his shooting and fishing and yachting, has never yet been able to find time for town pursuits. It is difficult, too, to imagine the Duchess as the mother of a grown-up son and, very soon, of a *début-nte* daughter, for she is one of the most wonderfully young-looking women in Society; a state of affairs probably engendered by the fact that she, too, is far more devoted to good works than to the other kind of work entailed by a London season.

The Marquess of Stafford

Who was enrolled a member of the Aero Club by the members of that body as a compliment to his father, the Duke of Sutherland, who had entertained the Club at Stafford House. The Marquess is now eighteen

* * *

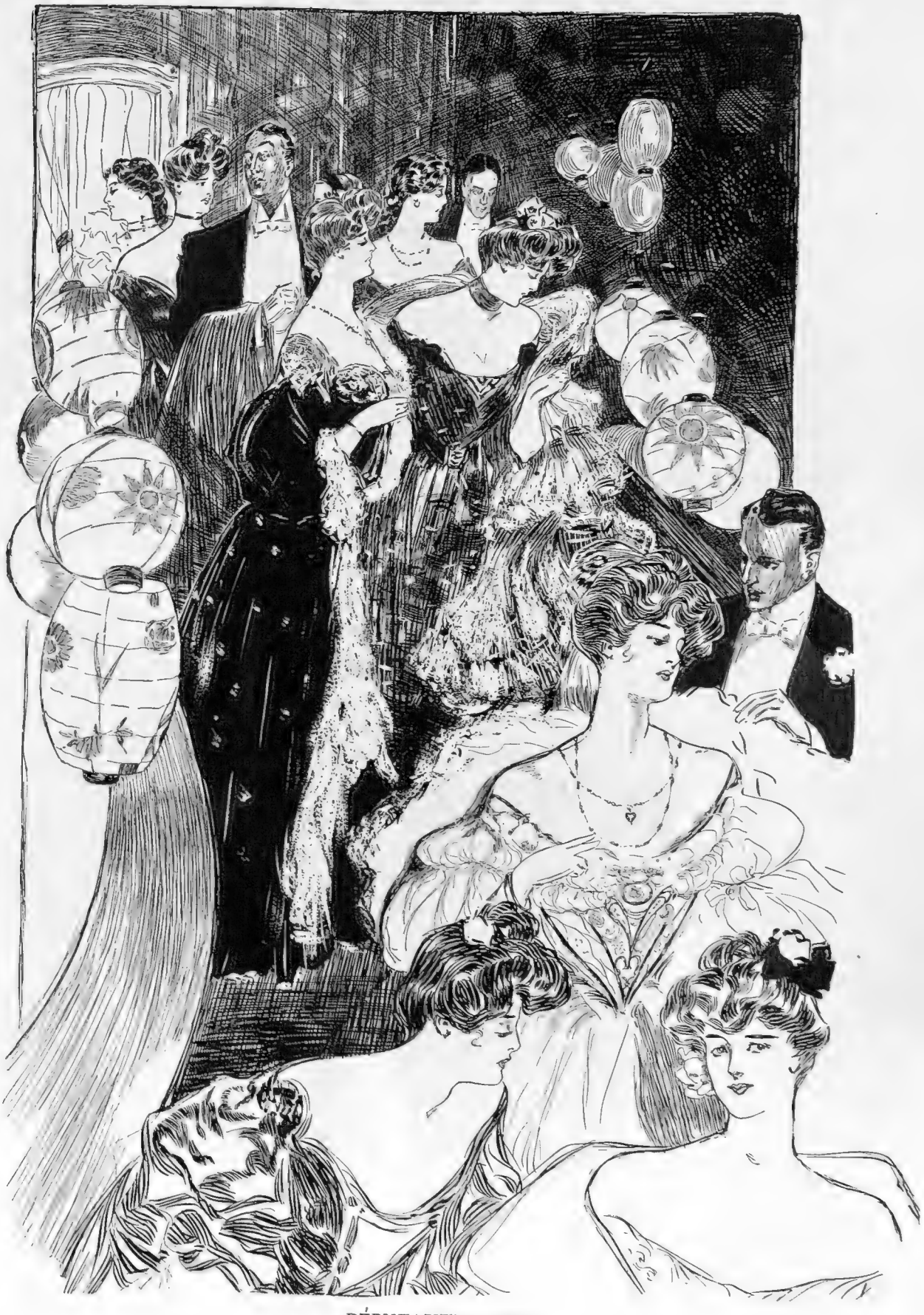
"Influence" in the Army

It is all very well for the Napoleonic and bachelor Mr. Haldane to put his feet down and start reforming the methods of that much-maligned institution, the War Office, by legislating against the fair ladies, or, rather, against the pleadings of the fair ladies whom those gentlemen who control military patronage are liable to meet, but how is he going to see that his enactments and Army orders and all the rest of it are carried out? If he *does* succeed in his endeavours, and only the men who have proved themselves worthy of advance by tried efficiency and conspicuous ability *do* get promotion, he will not only make himself quite dangerously unpopular with every woman who has a son, or a husband, or a brother, or a friend in the Service, he will also be the bravest and cleverest man who ever set out to defeat the arch-persuader, Woman, on her own ground. The difficulty of it, too!—of tracing that wily microbe "influence" to its lair, I mean. Even to suspect its presence, one would have to possess eyes and ears all over the place, and even then, in view of the fact that, until aeronautics really catch on with the thousand, there is still a slight amount of privacy left in our lives, it would be fraught with difficulties. Country-house parties, at which ladies with Army connections, and gentlemen with Army powers, were fellow guests, would have to be most carefully watched, and detectives stationed in the innermost sanctums. Notices to the effect that the aforesaid ladies, by order of Mr. Haldane, were forbidden to

Photo] **"Jack" comes to take tea with the Eastbourne Town Council** *[J. Coster*

During the King's visit to Eastbourne the Channel Fleet anchored about two miles off the town. Vice-Admiral Sir A. G. Curzon Howe lunched with the Royal party, and on the next day, while eager sightseers visited the ships, the officers and crews were entertained by the Town Council

The Last Dance of the Season



DÉBUTANTE LOGIC

HE: "Isn't the crush awful?"
SHE: "Horrid. Never saw such a crowd in my life, and there's simply *nobody* here"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

A Garden City of Sleep

hold private conversation, or even to smile at the aforesaid Army-omniscient gentlemen, would have to be posted in the hall and on the trees in the garden. To play bridge, or worse still, golf or croquet, together, would be punished instantly, and any applications for favourable consideration resulting from an infringement of these rules, would be regarded as "an admission on the part of the applicant that his case is not good on its merits."

* * *

The Simple Death

After the simple life—the simple death. The Garden City idea, it seems, is now being developed so as to accommodate not only the quick, but the dead. The rural grave has, I read, now taken its place among popular fancies. Perivale, a little Middlesex village, has a churchyard which might be termed a garden city of sleep. To be buried there would seem so idyllic a fate, and the demand is so great, that graves are only to be obtained from the Rector at exorbitant prices. That cleric, it was alleged in an action before the Consistory Court recently, some twenty years ago, carved a piece out of his garden and added it to the churchyard—an addition of 6,800 square feet—and, it was said, had derived considerable revenues from letting the space at good prices to others than parishioners. Of the merits of the case I cannot speak, neither do I wish to, as it is of purely local concern what the Rector may or may not do with his own land. I am merely concerned to record the arrival—as the newest fancy of a curious age—of the "simple death," the garden city of sleep.

Photo] **Perivale Church** [*Bunnett*

The graveyard of which has lately attracted attention because of the exorbitant rates charged for the interment of non-parishioners by the rector, part of the churchyard being his own private property, carved out of the rectory garden

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The Last of the Pageants

The pageant epidemic is, I think, slowly but surely wearing itself away. It has been very bad and very infectious, though, while it lasted, and it has left us very weak and weary, and with only sufficient strength remaining to hope fervently that there won't ever be any more—at least, not until we are dead, quite dead. After that unhappy event, pageants, so far, at any rate, as I am concerned, can go on once a year, in every town in which something happened a hundred years or so ago, for ever. The Warwick Pageant was, of course, the worst; I mean it was the ring-leader, unless, by the way, the Druids set the example, and I believe, now I come to think of it, they did. If, however, the pageant spirit is so rampant that it cannot be checked, why not turn it on to something useful? Supposing, for instance, some of the pageant-producers keep their hands in during the autumn months with an idea to making something of a pageant of that, at present, sorry spectacle, the Lord Mayor's Show? Surely, in all London town's history there is sufficient material for something just a little less vulgar than the Show as it is to-day, and, quite surely, the materials to hand are just as worthy as those in Warwick, or Ripon, or Salisbury.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The craze for pageantry

Some of the participants in the recent Ripon pageant, in full pomp and panoply. How much longer are these antics to be indulged in by serious British citizens?

* * *

Final Results of the Season

The success of a season, I suppose, may be fairly gauged by the number of engagements announced at its close. During the last week or two several quite interesting engagements have been disclosed to the world, but the crop, nevertheless, is not what mothers and chaperons had hoped to see, several really important fishes still remaining to be caught, many of them having for yet another season evaded the tempting bait offered them. The latest announced engagement is that of Lord Gerard and Miss May Gosselin, daughter of the late Sir Martin Gosselin, of diplomatic renown; and others are those of Lord Wynford and the Hon. Ena Napier, only child of Lord and Lady Napier of Magdala; the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell and Lady Margaret Lascelles, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harewood; the Hon. George Peel and Lady Agnes Lygon, sister of Lady Ampthill; and Mr. John Ford, First Secretary of the British Legation in Constantinople, to Miss May Cavendish-Bentinck.

BYSTANDER.

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

August in Paris

August, we are assured, is the time of the year when Paris is to be avoided; and the guide-books will make it clear to you that, fashionable Paris then being at the seaside, and most of the theatres closed, a visit to our capital should be postponed. The statements are correct, but the conclusions are wrong. The ornaments of Society certainly have taken themselves off to Trouville or Etretat, and, as to the principal playhouses, they, too, have closed their doors. But, for this very reason, Paris has become less cosmopolitan, and, consequently, more Parisian. In August the imported element has fled, and the native heaves that sigh of relief people give when their somewhat too noisy guests, who turned the house into a bear garden, take their departure. Paris originally was built for the Parisians, but the place proved so attractive to the rich man from across the water, that he selected it for his residence. The Parisian made Paris a city of art, in the wide sense of the word, little thinking that the be-jewelled, loud-talked, exotic *rasta*, and the passing stranger, would combine together to procure it the reputation of *la ville où l'on s'amuse*. For their benefit, amusements—including those of a questionable character—are now supplied, and, thanks to these *Transatlantiques*, as a witty author christened them, the great dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix have built palaces, temples of fashion, with *mannequins* as priestesses.

Photo *Otto*

The Comtesse de Noailles

A poetess of much talent, who is a candidate for the coveted Legion of Honour, which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt also persistently seeks

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When a Parisian Can be Found in Paris—

August has come round once more; and if you are observant and anxious to study here, not the stranger but the home-made article, this is the moment to visit Paris. You can now go to the most fashionable restaurant and find plenty of room; and if you order a simple dinner with half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, the waiters will not frown on you and neglect you for the bejewelled gentlemen and over-dressed ladies at other tables, whose bank-notes secure them prompt attendance. After dinner you can sip your coffee outside a café, and here again you will feel yourself in France, and no strange-sounding language but honest French will fall upon your ear. Do not fail to watch those around you. You will see the true types of the Paris *bourgeois:* monsieur drinking a *bock*, madame a *café*, and young hopeful—there is only one in every well-regulated Paris household—sucking *limonade* through a straw, and occasionally blowing through it to make it "bubble."

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And Provincials Are in Evidence

And, if you finish your evening in one of the open-air music-halls in the Champs Elysées, you will be as much interested in the audience as in the performance on the stage. There you can study the provincial element, and should you have any doubt on the subject, you can at once distinguish the Parisian from the man of the provinces by the promptness with which the former catches a joke. He is generally a second or two ahead of the other, whose laugh follows like an echo. You will always find cabs in plenty, and, if you are in a hurry, your progress will never be stopped by someone asking you in a nondescript accent the nearest way to the Madeleine, which is staring the questioner in the face. And if, having seen Paris of the Parisians, you should still want to see something of the glittering element, go for a couple of days to *mondain* seaside resorts. There you will find them huddled together, and, instead of inhaling the fresh breeze, spending their evenings in an over-heated Casino, playing *petits-chevaux* or baccarat.

* * *

The Moulin Rouge Reprieved

In other respects, too, August in Paris is a queer month. We have not been honoured by the sea-serpent, too big to swim down the Seine; but something unexpected is certain to happen during the dog-days. This time we had a genuine surprise in the form of a resurrection—that of the Moulin Rouge. The Moulin had been sentenced to death; tears were shed, touching speeches were spoken, and

even in these columns a farewell was said to the condemned hall before the demolisher brought down his axe on its harmless four wings. Now, suddenly, at the eleventh hour, a free pardon has come. The executioner's hand has been stayed, and the four red wings are once more turning merrily to the Geisha music within. This will be good news to the Russian Grand Dukes, who, with a false nose or blue spectacles, will again go to the Boulevard de Clichy to enjoy what they call "fun."

* * *

The Legion of Honour

Next to Major Dreyfus, the most important candidate for the Legion of Honour was Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—our Sarah. Everybody would be happy to see the distinction bestowed upon her. It is true that, whilst at the Comédie-Française, she threw up her engagement rather unceremoniously, snapping her fair fingers in the face of the then Minister of Fine Arts. But this happened many years ago, and since that time Sarah has rendered so many services to French dramatic art that all her little peccadilloes may well be overlooked. Several other ladies, too, are among the candidates. There is the Comtesse de Noailles, a charming young poetess; Mme. Jeanne Marni and Mme. Marcelle Tynaire, two highly talented writers; and also the Comtesse de Greffulhe, a *grande dame*, who extends her patronage to musicians whose works she considers worthy of production. There is also another lady author, anti-English, anti-Semitic, anti-everything, but prejudice. She, I think, does not stand the ghost of a chance of ever pinning the ribbon on her lean aristocratic chest.

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A Regal Shop-keeper

A small shop at No. 3, Rue Saint-Roch. In the windows: sachets, little cushions, lace, embroideries, etc., all tastefully displayed. Over the door, in gilt letters: "*Aux Ouvrages Calabrais.*" *Et voilà tout.* But these dainty knick-knacks have been worked by starving women and girls; and the gentle hand of a queen—of an exiled queen—arranges them with loving care every day, so as to attract the eye of the passer-by. It is nearly fifty years ago since Garibaldi entered Naples, and, to the applause of the whole civilised world, kicked the bloodthirsty tyrant Francis the Second off her throne. His wife—whom the King treated little better than his other subjects — remained with him; and as "Queen Frédérique" has been immortalised by Alphonse Daudet in his famous novel, "The Kings in Exile." After her husband's death, the ex-Queen lived miserably on a small pension, until her grandmother, the Empress Marie-Anne, bequeathed her a comfortable fortune. She then settled in Neuilly, at the gates of Paris, and devoted herself exclusively to charity. The earthquake that devastated Calabria last year, has caused terrible misery, and she then hit upon the practical idea of opening workshops there for women and girls—skilled lace-makers—and to sell their work in Paris. And that is how H.M. Marie-Sophie, Queen of Naples, of the two Sicilies and Jerusalem, Duchess of Parma, Grand Duchess of Bavaria and Tuscany, now superintends a shop. An interesting fact about her is that, to the horror of the bigoted members of the French aristocracy, the ex-Queen has, from the very beginning of the "*Affaire*," been a "Dreyfusarde."

Lancaster

Photo] **An ex-Queen's shop in Paris** [*Topical Agency*

Her Majesty Marie-Sophie, Queen of Naples, has just opened a shop for the sale of lace, etc., worked by the victims of the recent Calabria disaster. She was the wife of Francis II., King of Naples, deposed by Garibaldi, and for many years was in very straitened circumstances. The Empress Marie-Anne, however, left her a small fortune, and she has, for many years past, devoted herself to charitable work in the Neuilly district

The PLAYHOUSES

Royalty Theatre

M. ANTOINE AND M. DEGEORGE

There are few actors who could lay such a spell upon an audience as to make them bear, with any degree of patience, the heat-waves which coursed through the Royalty Theatre on the evening of Monday, July 23. M. Antoine is one of them. M. Degeorge is another.

The management of the Royalty Theatre had issued a positive threat. M. Gaston Mayer had announced positively the last performances of M. Antoine before that great actor took up his duties as manager of the Odéon Theatre.

It was an occasion not to be missed, and not even the stifling heat in the theatre could spoil our enjoyment of it. By the way, other theatres do not seem to bottle up the heat in such an effective manner as the Royalty. Enough said.

M. Antoine, with a modesty to which we are not quite accustomed in England, chose for the first evening of his appearance a triple bill, which gave as many opportunities to a comrade—M. Degeorge — to distinguish himself as he himself enjoyed.

M. Georges-Henriot's *L'Enquête* is a clever development in two acts of a poignant situation. A *Juge d'Instruction* seeks to fasten the guilt of murdering a President upon an accused man. He has proof that the wife of the accused has been the mistress of the President. His case is that the husband killed the President in a fit of jealousy. Step by step his interrogations lead up to the innocence of the accused, and to his own incrimination. He had unwittingly killed his friend, the President, in a fit of epilepsy. This little play is almost perfect in form, for the reason, chiefly, that it is precisely the right length. An English dramatist, with the same conception, would have been forced, by the exigencies of the theatre, either to boil it down into a one-act piece, or to spin it out into three acts. How long will a race that is ever suspicious about not receiving its money's worth, plump for quantity, not quality? Methinks, till the crack of doom. Certainly, there is not the faintest indication that the English drama is becoming more elastic. Imagine the withering contempt with which an English manager would receive a dramatist who walked into his office with a two-act masterpiece under his arm.

M. Antoine's performance was literally enthralling. It was finished to the last touch. The French actor has one of those magnetic personalities from which one can turn only with a wrench. He compelled admiration as much for what he avoided doing as for what he did. He has studied restraint as a fine art. A young actor could learn more from witnessing such a performance than from a round dozen lessons at an academy.

On one occasion M. Antoine, rising from his desk, knocked over a book. His manner of picking it up, and the emphasis he gave to the last and most important word in the sentence he was speaking, by throwing the book back on the table, made one wonder whether the incident was fortuitous or a bit of "business."

Boubouroche, another two-act piece, served to introduce to us M. Degeorge, a low-comedian, who must assuredly rank as high among his countrymen as Mr. J. L. Toole in his prime ranked above his contemporaries. The facial play of the French actor certainly recalls the talent of our own actor, whose illness has aroused the sympathy of all classes.

M. Degeorge makes the most comical use of his broad, expressive face and herculean frame. The part—a great, silly booby, deceived by his friends, as well as by his mistress—is played on as broad lines as it is written. A feature of the French season in London has been the great success of two notable comedians, M. Galipaux and M. Degeorge.

Photo *Bassano*

The late Miss Gaynor Rowlands

Whose untimely death, at the early age of 21, has been deplored by all theatre-goers

Christmas at Olympia

In these dog-days, to read about Christmas arrangements is almost as refreshing as an iced drink. So readers will recognise in the following particulars of the Great International Fair and Carnival at Yuletide. To the most popular features of the old English fair will be united all the more modern items of the French festivals and the sensational attractions of Coney Island and the many other American pleasure grounds. For twelve hours daily there will be a constant flow of well-diversified amusements, special features being a Continental circus of the

MELODRAMA IN THE MAKING

Some Essential Situations

Act I.—"Margy!"
"Jack!"

Act II.—"Officer! Arrest that man!"

Act III.—"Stop!"

Act IV.—"And now—Arrest THAT man!"

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

productions of a class at which the sophisticated playgoer is wont to turn up his nose. On a day last week I strolled into the theatre of a little market town. Half the population—the wise half—were strolling about the cobbled streets. The other half were packed inside a concert-hall theatre, where a painstaking company was playing one of the most lurid melodramas it has ever been my good fortune to witness. Played straight at a London variety theatre, this show would be the very cream of burlesque. The amount of villainy exploited on that tiny stage reminded one of the funny business in *Ali Baba*, when the comedians overload the stage donkey with the bags of gold from the cave. Fortunately, we sat apart from the audience proper, else the artist-man might have been hustled by an irate audience. He has given you his impressions of a military hero, villain in the riding boots, stage constabulary, and village yokels. Mere description in words would fail to do the play equal justice.

E. C. S.

The Late Miss Gaynor Rowlands

Much sympathy has been around by the early death of one of the prettiest girls who has ever appeared on the lyric stage. Miss Gaynor Rowlands had but a brief career upon the stage, and, except in the opera, *My Lady Molly*, had but few chances of distinguishing herself, but her beauty was so striking that she was conspicuous even in quite a minor rôle. Unlike many a stage beauty, she was notably free from airs and graces. She never adopted that bored pose and condescending manner so common with those whose beauty is a byword among susceptible playgoers.

foremost rank, an American minstrel show of one hundred performers, a Christmas pantomine, produced by a famous theatrical manager, an efficiently managed public dancing hall, roller skating, military bands, boxing, wrestling, and weight-lifting booths, representative dancers of all nations, a miniature city peopled by one hundred midgets, a wonderful trotting ostrich, which, in a regulation American sulky, paces the quarter-mile in thirty seconds, a spectacular reproduction of a train robbery, a novel spectacle showing San Francisco in the early mining days, and before and after the earthquake, switch-backs, helter-skelters, and round-abouts from the advanced French fairs in rich abundance, cocoanut pitches, shooting galleries, and many similar side-shows; while, in spite of the threatened Dangerous Performances' Bill, the huge roof will be utilised for the fixings of the many sensational overhead performances. For the opening week the Directors have secured the services of the great Georges Hackenschmidt.

Meelo-drama

Plays may come and plays may go, but meelo-drama, that honest stage record of vice o'erthrown, and virtue triumphant, still holds its own—at least in the provinces. We are apt to judge the season from the point of view of London theatres alone. But even during the late distressful season nice little fortunes have been realised on the road by

Too Often on Tour

Photo] **The latest photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal** *[Johnston and Hoffman*

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal played at the St. James's Theatre for a month or so during the past season. They have also made several appearances at outlying theatres. But this is not sufficient for London playgoers, who would like Mr. and Mrs. Kendal to play more frequently in their midst

"Bystander Abroad" Competition (Seventh Series)

This is a competition for the benefit of Foreign and Colonial readers, and in order that any who have not yet entered may have a chance of doing so, we again give the conditions. Each photograph should show the Bystander *being read in some out-of-the-way part of the world, and on the back should be stated the sender's name and address, together with full particulars as to where the photograph was taken, and any other matter of interest concerning it. A prize of* 10*s.* 6*d. is given for every photograph published. They should be enclosed in an envelope marked "Bystander Abroad," and addressed to "The Art Editor,"* The Bystander, *Tallis Street, London, E.C.*

"The Bystander" in the Punjab

Mr. P. C. Saunders, Amritsar, Punjab, the sender of this photograph, says: "This is a picture of the driver of the Calcutta mail reading the Bystander in his cab, during a halt at Amritsar station"

"The Bystander" in Norway

Sent by Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Moum, Grong, Norway, who writes: "Here is a picture of a 23 lb. salmon I have just caught. We take papers and magazines in the boat with us when we go fishing, and never forget to put the Bystander among them"

"The Bystander" in Western Australia

Mr. Cecil Piesse, Katanning, Western Australia, writes: "This was taken at Katanning, the largest and most prosperous wheat-growing centre on the Great Southern Railway Line. The lady reading the Bystander is a West Australian born, while the tent shown in the background is the usual abode of the new settler, until he gets his house built"

"The Bystander" in North Carolina

Sent by Mr. Henry F. Swain, British Monozite Co., Shelby, North Carolina, U.S.A. He writes: "I thought, perhaps, the enclosed might interest you. My partner and myself regularly read the Bystander, and when finished with the same, generally pass it on amongst the 'boys' working in our mine, hence the possession of it by the coons, as seen in the photo"

Two Queens of the Moment

Photo *Jungmann and Schorn*

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her mother-in-law, the Grand Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

The hopes of an heir to the Dutch throne have again been shattered, and though the disappointment of the people is great, their sympathies are none the less deep for the sufferings of the Queen. By an ancient law of the Constitution, a Sovereign may re-marry if no heir is born after a marriage of five years, and it is rumoured that many are in favour of this taking place, as the next two heirs to the throne are Germans

Photo] **The King and Queen of Spain starting for a drive** *[Underwood and Underwood*

The people of Spain are intensely interested in the news that they may expect an heir to the throne, and Queen Victoria's popularity is accordingly unbounded in Spain, which it is hoped will be saved from the pathetic plight of Holland in respect to its heir. The Queen and King Alfonso will be at Cowes for the Regatta next week

Scenes at

The Course at Goodwood

Owned by the Duke of Richmond, Goodwood's racecourse is the most exclusive in the kingdom, and is situated amidst some of the most beautiful woods on the Sussex Downs. The new stands, erected by the Duke last year, are a great improvement to the meeting

Goodwood House

Where the King is the guest of the Duke of Richmond for the race-week. It has been lately brought up to modern requirements in the way of comfort, and has been fitted with electric light and elevators. The park around the house is wonderfully timbered with beech and chestnut trees, and the greatest treasures of the place are the Vandycks in the picture gallery, and the priceless Gobelins tapestries and Sèvre china

Glo

West D

The country house of Mr. and
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Goodwood, as the Amer
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of fashion. It is the one
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mondaines to be there, as at
and Hurlingham. Th
no claims to "classical
meetings. The course is
Duke of Richmond and G
hood are some splendid
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A f miliar

The "Waterbeach" Inn, on the

orious

ean Park
Mrs. Willie James, often visited by King

icans would have it, is "the last word, the *ne plus ultra* function of the year which is There is no obligation to Ascot and Henley, Ranelagh eeting is a quiet one, with standing among the race the private property of the rdon, and in the neighbour- mansions, which entertain

t landmark
oad to Goodwood, near Chichester

Goodwood

After an event

General view of the stand, showing horses going to scale after a race

Petworth

The Sussex seat of Lord and Lady Leconfield is also one of the houses which invariably open hospitable doors during the Goodwood race-week. Like Goodwood House, great improvements and alterations have been effected on Petworth during the winter and spring, Lord Leconfield residing at Coates Castle, near Pulborough

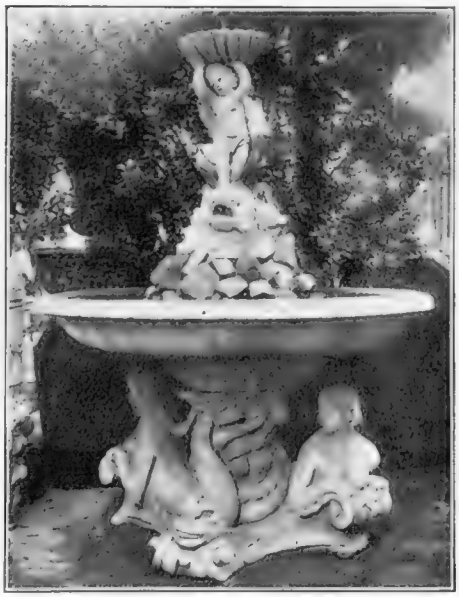
The Connoisseur.

GARDEN FOUNTAINS

The increasing purpose with which people of taste pursue the cult of the antique garden has produced a marked interest in the old fountains of three or four generations ago. These often beautifully decorated marble and stone ornaments are now being restored to life and the delights of running water after many years of neglect and often ill-treatment. Our native work in this direction is not usually very elaborate, but Italy and France afford a splendid field for the seeker after this particular kind of work of art. It is said that Michael Angelo designed a fountain formed by the figure of a sturdy peasant woman wringing a bundle of clothes, whence the water issued that supplied the basin. Although most of the designs in the collection of fountains and ancient cisterns now brought together in the gallery of Messrs. Charles, of Brook Street, do not possess so marked and vigorous a character as that shown in Michael Angelo's work, the variety of the forms, the grace of many of the figures, the beauty and ingenuity of the construction, are remarkable. Many far-away parks have been ravished, the antique villas of Frascati, and the old gardens of disused mansions throughout Italy and the South, have given up no small part of their beauty to supply this collection, which, we understand, is now to be dispersed to make room for a different style of exhibition. For those who are decorating their gardens at the present time, the opportunity is of no small importance. For, in a general way, the would-be owner of a *jet d'eau* that might once have graced the Borghese villa, or ornamented, in the old days, the orangery of Versailles or the gardens of St. Cloud, has to send abroad before he can obtain anything of the sort, whereas now, in the heart of the town, almost in Bond Street, is to be found the fine flower of foreign fountains gathered together for our entertainment.

An Istrian stone fountain of the seventeenth century

Representing a river god and water horses



A fine Carrara marble fountain

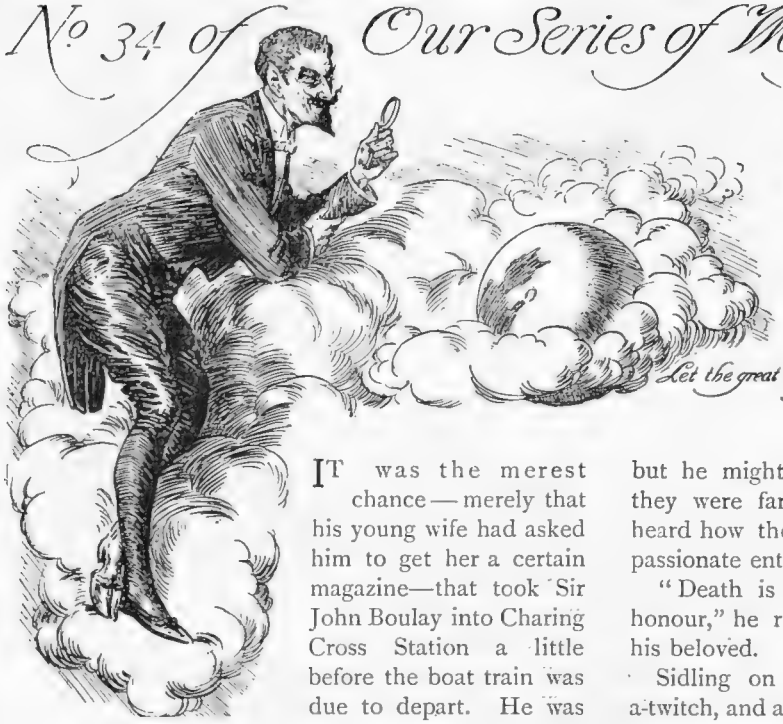
Of late eighteenth-century Italian design

E. M.

Irish Fisheries

It was to be expected that any book from Mr. Edgar S. Shrubsole would breathe of angling on every page, and with such a county as Donegal to describe, he is to be forgiven the plethora of angling information conveyed in his latest work, *The Land of Lakes: Sport and Touring in Co. Donegal* (London: Wm. Cate, Ltd., Bouverie Street, E.C., 2*s.* 6*d.*). Over four hundred lakes and nearly fifty rivers are included in the descriptions of fishings; and the best methods of angling in these waters, and the proper flies to be used in different localities, are explained in such a thoroughly practical manner that, at least, the book is indispensable to anglers visiting the district. But our author does not fish for the basket only; he has a keen appreciation of the ofttimes delightful surroundings associated with his sport, and these are charmingly referred to, and, needless to say, beautifully illustrated, for his photography is familiar to readers of THE BYSTANDER. The various local industries, historical landmarks, and other objects of interest, receive more than passing comment; shooting, golfing, yachting, and drives and walks, are repeatedly referred to, and frequent excursions are taken into the mountains and glens or among the cliffs, in which Mr. Shrubsole carries his readers with him after a very happy manner.

No. 34 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



A Bit of Gossip

By E. R. PUNSHON

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

IT was the merest chance—merely that his young wife had asked him to get her a certain magazine—that took Sir John Boulay into Charing Cross Station a little before the boat train was due to depart. He was turning away from the bookstall, having made his purchase, when he caught sight of Maurice Courcy and his god-father, Major-General Barry, talking together so earnestly as to seem quite unaware of the bustling crowd surging to and fro around them.

And there was something in their attitudes, something in the old soldier's air of almost passionate entreaty, something in Maurice Courcy's manner of half desperate defiance, that at once roused all old Sir John's eager curiosity and love of gossip. On tip-toe he sidled nearer to them, and he heard General Barry say:

"Maurice, Maurice, I have loved you as my own son, but I tell you I would rather see you dead than doing what you are doing to-day."

Sir John pricked up his ears and crept still nearer. A series of time-tables pasted on boards was near, and he put his wrinkled, trembling finger on one as if he were tracing out some route. A yard or so he crept nearer in time to hear the young man's low-voiced passionate reply:

"And only death should prevent me doing it."

Sir John blessed the luck that had brought him into the station just in the nick of time, and one could have sworn his ears twitched with excitement. Here was a story, he felt instinctively, that would set all Society agog, and make him, who should have the telling of it, the centre of attraction in the club smoking-room, the eagerly welcomed in every tittle-tattle loving drawing-room, as in those old days when he had been the head and fount of half the whispered, spiteful scandals floating to and fro. And to be the head and fount of the latest whisper was Paradise enow to Sir John Boulay. Tracing down the line of some imaginary train with his shaky old finger, he edged still a step or two nearer. He kept his back carefully turned to the two speakers, but he might have spared himself the trouble, for they were far too engrossed to notice him. He heard how the old soldier's voice had lost its note of passionate entreaty and become stern as he said:

"Death is a small thing, Maurice, but honour—honour," he repeated, as a man speaks the name of his beloved.

Sidling on tip-toe, nearer crept Sir John, ears a-twitch, and a feeble, wrinkled old finger trembling on the time-table. Was it bankruptcy, he wondered? Or something more piquant still? Cheating at Bridge would make a good striking story to tell. On the whole, Sir John hoped it was cheating at Bridge. And, anyhow, whether the story itself were racy or not, about no one would it be more piquant to spread a scandal than about young Maurice Courcy, who had always held himself, as it were, a little apart and aloof from the usual follies of young men. And now, it seemed, he had come to grief, and—oh, joy of joys—it would be Sir John's privilege to tell the story first. Sir John could have wept with gratitude at such luck.

"Things had become unbearable," Maurice said abruptly.

"You lose your place among honourable men, and she hers among virtuous women," said the General, very slowly.

Sir John was just a trifle disappointed. It was only a woman, then, after all. Yet, perhaps—if by any chance it were a well-known woman—the story might be better than ever. He listened more intently still.

"Each man must make his own choice," Maurice was saying. "If I give up my honour, and she what the world calls her virtue, do you think that is easy for either of us? They sold her for a title," he said bitterly, "and this is the result."

A tear of gratitude trembled on Sir John's eye-lashes. It was some woman of rank, then, young Maurice Courcy was running away with. No such scandal had been in London Society for goodness only knew how long. And, ye gods, it had fallen to his lot, to him alone, to know all about it from the very beginning. The only thing that puzzled him now was who the lady could be. That, at any cost, he must find out. Maurice was continuing:

"Neither of us expects much happiness—people

Next week: "The Man who Understood Women." By LEONARD MERRICK

(All rights strictly reserved)

who do what we are about to do, are not happy. But we shall be together. If it is a sin and shame that binds us, it still does bind us—together."

"How long will the bond last?" asked General Barry, with great bitterness. "Those who have been traitors once may soon be traitors again—those who have betrayed soon find themselves betrayed in their turn."

The young man's face was very pale as he said:

"You are hard, sir. Still even traitors may show faith—at any rate, I will. And now I must go. Good-oye. Will you shake hands, sir?"

"No," said General Barry.

Maurice put back his head, and a flush stole over his pale cheek.

"I do not blame you, sir," he said, "but I thank God that some of the shame and some of the suffering fall on me—not all on her."

They parted without another word, and Sir John slipped stealthily after Courcy. Deftly he tracked him through the crowd and along the platform to a compartment marked "Engaged." Through the windows—the blinds half drawn—Sir John could see a form, so cloaked, so veiled and enveloped in wrappings, that it was as much as he could do to make out it was a woman at all.

"Gad," chuckled Sir John to himself, "she don't mean to be recognised," and he touched Maurice on the shoulder. "How do, dear boy?" he said.

The young man swung round at once, with his right hand lifted in a posture of defiance, but when he saw who it was, he went very pale and trembled violently.

"Gad," said Sir John, laughing, "you seem startled."

"I—I—I—you," stammered Maurice, and the beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead.

"Gad," said Sir John again, and laughed once more his thin malicious laugh. "What's the matter? Only going for a trip on the Continent, aren't you? Just a little visit to Paris? Eh, what?" and he giggled again as he tried to peer past the young man into the carriage behind.

"What do you know?" asked Maurice hoarsely.

"An engaged compartment, too," Sir John continued. "Well, well, the luxury of you boys—a compartment all to yourself. What next, I wonder?"

Maurice stood quite still, his tortured eyes upon the old man's sneering face as he asked himself how much Sir John might know—or guess. From the interior of the carriage had come one low cry, and then all had been silence, but when Maurice heard it, it was well for Sir John that the place was public, and those days past when a man's answer might always take the form of a sword thrust. Very still he stood, and an agony of years passed over him. Sir John leaned forward till his old, evil eyes and sneering mouth were thrust so near the young man, he thought they were the devil's that had tempted him.

"But, perhaps," said Sir John, "you have a companion to make your journey less tedious? Eh, what?"

"You . . . know," burst from the young man like a sob.

Sir John nodded with a beaming face. It was purest joy to him that he did know; joy to him to think of the nods and becks, and wreathed smiles he would be able to dispense for many evenings to come.

"Oh, yes, I know," he said.

Courcy's expression changed. His look of anguish vanished, or rather became dominated by resolve and swift determination. His tortured eyes changed, too, and became brave and watchful. He moved slightly and stood against the door of the compartment.

"Well——" he said.

"My dearest boy," laughed Sir John, with his thin giggle, "don't look so fierce—I don't blame you."

"You—don't——" muttered Maurice, and he was appalled.

"Not I," said Sir John jauntily, "I never blame a man when a lady's concerned. Why, I've run away with three in my time." He nodded and grinned, his old face wrinkled with the memories of half-forgotten wickednesses. "Three of 'em, dear boy, so I can't preach, can I? Eh, what?"

"No," agreed Maurice slowly. "No, you cannot preach."

Sir John leaned a little nearer still.

"Who is she?" he asked in a dry whisper.

"A much-wronged, doubly wronged woman," answered Maurice with vehemence, "the sin of whose marriage, when her parents took her from a convent school and sold her to a worn-out old *roué*, has bred this other sin of elopement."

"But who is it? What's her name?" asked Sir John, almost panting with eagerness. "Mrs. Hirst? No, you said something about a title. Lady Galsworthington? Not Lord Norham's wife? No. But who then?"

"I'll not tell you," said Maurice.

"Oh, but you must," persisted Sir John. "I've the whip hand of you, my boy, you know."

Maurice said nothing, but his eyes were strange—dangerous.

"If you won't tell me who it is," said Sir John, all a-twinkle with malice and desire, "I'll travel with you to Paris, or wherever you are going."

"Ah, God," exclaimed the younger man, gripping the handle of the carriage door.

"There's only a minute to decide," said Sir John. "Come, am I to go with you or no?"

"I'll write the name down," said Maurice, slowly, "if you will pass me your word of honour not to look at it till after our boat has sailed."

"Oh, I'll promise that," said Sir John, easily, "I don't want to interfere. Bless my soul, when I was your age I would have run away with a dozen women in succession, and have made less fuss than you show over this one."

The guard was waving his flag. Maurice scribbled on a bit of paper, twisted it into a note and gave it to Sir John, then jumped into the carriage and banged the door.

"*Bon voyage*," smiled Sir John. He poked his head in at the window. "And *bon voyage* to you, too, dear child," he said, blowing her a kiss from the tips of his fingers as the train began to move.

He walked back along the platform in the best of good humour, while in the train Maurice Courcy bent above the swooning form of his companion, and tried to bring her back to consciousness by kisses and wild

(Continued on page 234)

Where Beeches Meet the Mere

Photo] **A wood and water scene in Burnham Beeches** [*S. W. Shore*

Considering its closeness to London, Burnham is but little favoured by pleasure-seekers. Yet, for fascinating and romantic beauty—and for literary and poetic traditions, too—Burnham is almost unrivalled. A walk through it at sunset is unforgettable, and the fantastically minded can conjure up strange fancies from the weird and curious shapes of the twisted tree-trunks—in which Nature would seem to be giving wooden expression to the maddest moods of a Wiertz

(Continued from page 232)

words of love. In high glee, Sir John took a hansom to his club, where, as he went into the smoking-room, the first man he saw was General Barry, looking pale and depressed.

"He, he," giggled Sir John, "you look hipped, General. What's gone wrong? Some new reform in the Army that will send the Service to the dogs? Or are your tenants pressing for reductions?"

"No, no, nothing of the kind," said General Barry, hastily. He lit a cigar with a hand that trembled. "You have not been home?" he asked.

"No," said Sir John, "I've been at Charing Cross watching the boat-train out," and he giggled to himself again.

"Oh—oh," muttered the General, and his cigar fell to the floor.

"Yes, Charing Cross, my dear General," Sir John continued, "where I had the pleasure of seeing your young friend, Maurice Courcy, start on what I am sure will prove a most enjoyable journey."

"Oh, enjoyable," said the General, staring stupidly. "Oh, an enjoyable—journey."

"Reminded me of my own young days," Sir John continued. "Gad, I didn't think Maurice Courcy had it in him."

"And do you . . . know?" stammered the General.

"I saw it all," said Sir John complacently, "and made young Courcy write the lady's name down for me. He did not want to, but I made him, for I threatened to travel with them if he refused."

"Oh . . . to travel with them?" muttered the General incredulously. "To travel with them, did you say? Well . . . what did he say to that?"

"He gave in, of course—the threat was effectual," answered Sir John airily. "I promised not to look till they were safe on board the boat train—it's near enough now, and I'm dying to know."

He opened the note and the withered smile remained unaltered on his face as he read the two words:

"Lady Boulay!"

"Eh? Lady Boulay!" muttered Sir John. "Eh, my wife?" He looked at General Barry with an unchanged countenance. "I don't think I quite understand," he said, carefully and pitifully.

E. R. Punshon.

Love and the Cigarette

In a bower sweet and shady,
When the fickle light had faded,
By the ripples of a river-
Rocked lagoon,
Sat my partner in the Lancers;
We had left the whirling dancers
For the ripples of the river
And the moon.

She looked doubtful—most unduly;
I protest I loved her truly,
And I plucked a flower tender—
Mignonette.
In her gown I tied it loosely;
Then I paused—I think abstrusely—
Sadly rolling up a slender
Cigarette.

"Maiden, dear, my love is dying,
For your kind responses crying;
Can there be a bright to morrow?"
(Here a sigh.)
In her eyes the tears were showing—
And my cigarette was glowing,
As I gazed with soulful sorrow
In the sky.

"If you love me;" sobbed she shyly—
"If!" I answered, somewhat drily.
I'd, at any rate, a right to
Tie her cloak.—
"Will you promise when we're married"—
My embrace she deftly parried—
"Will you promise me, to-night, to
Never smoke?"

O'er the bower and the maiden
Stole a shadow, heavy-laden,
From her gown I tore the guarded
Mignonette.
I went back to join the dancers,
And my partner in the Lancers—
Sat there puffing my discarded
Cigarette!

Macdonald Hastings.

"'TIS NOW THE VERY WITCHING TIME OF NIGHT"

One Song—Then Success!

Photo **Miss Florence Smithson** [*Bassano*

Until August last year Miss Florence Smithson's name was quite unknown to London playgoers. On the first night of *The Blue Moon*, however, she tripped on to the stage as an Indian singing girl. She sang "Blue Moon," and at the conclusion of the song she had "arrived"

Holidays in England

II.—WOODHALL SPA: WHERE LINCOLNSHIRE IS LOVELY

Make a collection of all the illustrated guide-books published by enterprising urban councils to attract the wavering holiday-maker. I wager you will find "restful" a *rara avis* among the adjectives employed by praise-singing penmen. It does not occur to them that many holiday-makers are in search of rest; that they rate peace and quiet as prize attractions. If a man find not both peace and quiet at Woodhall Spa, he must blame his conscience. Woodhall Spa has the effect of an anæsthetic upon the memory. The moment you step into the little Lincolnshire village, you forget the world and its business. The bromo-iodine waters which have tacked on "Spa" to the name of a little hamlet are as the waters of Lethe. Stroll early into the pump-room in the grounds of the Victoria Hotel, and you can purchase forgetfulness for the sum of one penny. This famous, and not evil-tasting water, taken in conjunction with the baths, is supposed to cure ailments of which the most easily remembered is rheumatism. As a matter of fact, it takes away from one the desire to pore over letters and newspapers. Woodhall is indifferent to the fate of Empires. If you wish to think imperially, go somewhere else.

Clevedon Club, Woodhall Spa

Wherein the visitor may enjoy much comfort, and a variety of sports, including tennis, swimming, and an eighteen-hole golf course. Visitors are admitted to temporary membership

The Secret of Holiday-making

It is of little use to struggle against the charm of Woodhall. The first morning, perhaps, you may feel a yearning for the daily paper. By the time you have hunted all round for one you will have drifted into the ways of the place. By noon you will have become utterly demoralised. You will have taken a book and strolled into the pine woods. To the man of affairs there is joy unspeakable in reading a novel after breakfast. It is one of the first pleasures of emancipation. It is to live in the kingdom of topsy-turvydom. The great secret of successful holiday-making is to do exactly those things which you would not dream of doing in your state of bondage. If you are a lawyer on a holiday, do not argue; if a journalist, do not observe; if a soldier, do not obey; if a night bird, go to bed at ten. On a holiday, flirt, if you are a misogynist, take risks if you are a hypochondriac, play the fool if you are a sobersides.

A Haven of Restfulness

A man of action elsewhere, you will find yourself dreaming at Woodhall Spa. You will find restfulness descend upon you like a soft mantle. First, there is rest for the eyes. If there were not such a bewildering procession of objects crowding upon the vision, with never a pause in the pageant, life would be more restful. In Woodhall the eye is refreshed by myriad tints of green. The botanist is said to revel there in the variety of trees and shrubs and plants. The layman, who can see nothing but the beauty of these, is no less enthusiastic if less learned in his tribute. Where the country is not a jungle, it is a garden. Some

Photos

Where Tennyson was born

The rectory at Somersby, wherein the great poet first saw light. The fact that Lincolnshire inspired him is a sufficient answer to those who call the county uninteresting

Carlton and Sons

Horncastle

A very old town, dating from Roman times, which is near Woodhall Spa. A great horse fair takes place there this month

parts of Lincolnshire may consist of fens. I seem to recall this bit of geographical lore from school-days. But a circuit of thirty miles round Woodhall Spa in a motor-car revealed woods and pastures, quaint creeper-covered inns, thatched cottages, the gardens of which were splashed with colours like a painter's palette, as we sped by; great avenues of elms and oaks roofed with interlacing boughs. Stand on the ruined towers of Tattershall Castle, a few miles from Woodhall, and you will see a landscape so orderly that it has the appearance of being trimmed and brushed every morning. Not a leaf appears out of place. As far as the eye can see, North, East, and West, the country is as smooth as a lawn. On the Southern horizon alone appears the faint blue mass of the Lincolnshire Wolds, like a bank of clouds.

The pine woods at Woodhall Spa

Which form an admirable retreat to the visitor anxious to relieve, by commune with nature, the business of being "cured"

A Paradise for Motorists

Truly, this landscape of trim and formal cut has a beauty of its own. If you like studies in rural life, Tattershall, Coningsby, and many another village dotted about this toy country, will fill you with delight. There are pictures at every turn: a village green with spreading chestnuts, bordered with thatched cottages; a line of red-tiled alms-houses nestling under a fifteenth-century church; a splendid deer park, with a lion gate, through which a glimpse can be obtained of one of the stately homes of England. The spirit of restfulness broods over the countryside. There is nothing to attract the noisy tripper, who takes his outing in a char-a-banc, and expresses his liveliness by shouts and snatches of song. It is a bit of old England which has not yet been invaded. There are a few motorists in the know. I would like to sing you a song of speed along the perfect Lincolnshire roads. We licked up the white miles in a manner which would have thrown the local Inspector Jarrott into convulsions, did such a person exist. I wish to be discreet, but I cannot refrain from titling this tract of country. It is the paradise for motorists. Police-traps are unknown. What is the result? Why, the motorist, not knowing what it is to be bullied and harried by the police, behaves like a human being. He potters through the villages, and when he sees a long riband of road he speeds ahead.

But it is high time we were back at Woodhall Spa. The temptation has been so great to linger over the simple delights of this country, that I have left but little space to dwell upon the attractions for visitors of a more active type. These are summed up chiefly in the Clevedon Club, an institution which makes a direct appeal to the man of sporting tastes. The club-house is not only comfortable, but has been furnished in rare taste by an honorary secretary, who is an expert in pewter and old furniture. There are lawn-tennis courts, and an open-air swimming bath in the grounds, but the star attraction is an eighteen-hole golf course, which was laid out under the guidance of Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor. Visitors are admitted to temporary membership. It is a club which sets the seal upon Woodhall Spa as a holiday resort. The Great Northern Railway, too, are quite alive to the advantages of the Spa. Recognising that the holiday-maker likes to get into a train and be borne straight to his destination, the Company run a through train from King's Cross at 4.15 which arrives at Woodhall Spa at 7.18, in nice time for dinner.

ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT.

Photos *Carlton and Sons*

The River Bain, at Tattershall

Tattershall is one of the many picturesque Lincolnshire villages lying at the foot of the Wolds, which are rural to the last point, with their thatched cottages and general air of aloofness and detachment

FROM ABROAD

Tyrol for British Rock-Climbers

Tyrol (not *the* Tyrol, if you please) is year by year attracting the mountaineer who seeks other and new heights to scale than those of hackneyed Helvetia. To the average Englishman who takes his holiday abroad Tyrol is *terra incognita*. And yet it is a land of many attractions that are unattainable in Switzerland, lovely as that country is in many ways. Tyrol has its distinctly national characteristics. The country is studded with mediæval castles that are redolent of romance and mysterious with fantastic legends; the country people habitually wear a variety of costumes that surpass in picturesque charm those of any other European country, and the scenery graduates from the jagged grandeur of the Dolomites to the smiling homeliness of snug valleys carpeted with lovely flowers and golden cornfields. Even a modern-looking town like Meran has its old-fashioned, narrow, colonnaded streets, and such a scene as the wood-choppers diligent in their work in the Pharplatz, the old square, is a quaint sight to the casual stranger.

Wood-choppers in the Pharplatz, Meran

Meran is a characteristic Tyrolese town, with narrow, colonnaded streets, one of the most interesting sights in which is the wood-choppers plying their craft in the market-place

But, perhaps, it is such a place as Cortina d'Ampezzo that would appeal particularly to the Englishman. It is already well known to the rock-climber, who looks upon it as a centre from which to explore and overcome the difficulties of the Dolomites, so plentfully provided with fear-inspiring peaks and gorges. To the less venturesome, the valley offers the charm of many easy walks among shady woods or among meadows, which in June and July luxuriate in a flora that claims the attention even of the most unhorticulturally minded. The ground is ablaze with the deep blue of the bell-gentians, white or mauve campanulas, pansies, and lilies, and here and there the curious and quick-sighted may discover the delicate grey of the edelweiss peeping with unconscious simplicity beneath its more gaudily coloured companions.

Cortina, as well as St. Anton and Kitzbuhel, is now trying to work up a winter season of its own, and offers great attractions to the ski-runner, as well as to the tobogganer.

A Starting-Place for Tyrolese Rock-Climbing: Cortina d'Ampezzo

A mountain village in the Dolomites, from which expeditions are now being made. Its beautiful woods and floral luxuriance make it a delightful rendezvous for other than mountaineering enthusiasts. In winter, Cortina makes an excellent centre for ski-ing and tobogganing, and the inhabitants are now eagerly canvassing their summer visitors to return in winter. The place is reached, *viâ* Innsbruck and Toblach by rail, and thence by a four hours' drive (or sleigh in winter) over good roads

FROM ABROAD

Australia's Need for a Navy

However much the recent political developments of the Australian colonies may appear to give colour to the belief that Australia is desirous of parting company with the Mother Country, it must ever be kept in mind that the acts of a legislature under constitutional government do not always reflect the opinion of the whole people. If they did, it might easily appear as if separation and independence were the desire of that part of the Empire. But no person with a knowledge of the Australian people themselves can say that such is the case. They are as loyal and contented with the liberty they enjoy as any section of the great British community, and have given numberless practical instances of the fact.

A view in Sydney Harbour

Which, though it does not display its notorious beauties, gives an idea of the business side of the place. Sydney's export trade is now nearly forty millions annually, her imports approaching thirty; while the tonnage of ships (steam and sail) leaving the port with raw products is four and a half millions

It will be recognised that the reason why Australia could not stand alone lies in her inability to defend her shores unaided. And it must also be remembered—as our two photographs alone can testify—that Australia has a mighty volume of commerce. The efficient squadron of the Imperial Navy which now guarantees the safety of the King's Australian subjects, costs £530,000 to maintain annually, which sum includes 5 per cent. on first cost of the ships. Of this the Australian Commonwealth pays five-twelfths and New Zealand one-twelfth, the British taxpayer making good the moiety. And, in addition to this, of course—and more important—there is the ever-comforting assurance that the whole British Navy, wherever stationed, exists as much for the protection of Australia as any other part of the Empire. More likely than not, the action securing Australia from attack would be fought many thousands of miles from her shores. Therefore, if she can only afford to pay half the cost of maintaining her coast-defence squadron, without having found the money to build the ships in the first place, what possible chance would she have of providing and supporting one capable of making a stand against the Japanese, the Germans, or the French?

F. S. HARTNELL.

Taking coals from Newcastle (N.S.W.)

The practice of which is indulged in to the tune of four million tons yearly, at a value of £2,000,000, the Australian Newcastle thus bidding fair to rival the fame of her Tyneside cousin in years to come. Above is seen a view of the wharves at Newcastle

Points of View

By FREDERICK FENN

"You knew the little Beauchamp woman, didn't you?" said Lady Charlwood, pouring out tea.

"Slightly," said Grimwood.

"I see she's gone off at last."

"Run away?"

"Yes, with that poor young Mortimer. I wondered how soon it would come and who it would be."

"Young scoundrel."

"You wouldn't say so if you really knew," said Lady Charlwood. "She was born to run away and do things like that. He's merely another victim, poor boy—such a nice boy, too. I was quite fond of him."

"I suppose he persuaded her. A woman doesn't do that sort of thing lightly."

"My dear man," said Lady Charlwood sweetly, "I knew Jenny Beauchamp quite well. She wasn't the sort that needed any persuading. Of course, Beauchamp's a brute. Everyone knows that; but I can see exactly what happened. Poor young Mortimer sympathised. She took him literally—fell in his arms and wept, and then he felt bound—in honour—to go further. It's a thousand pities. Nice boys like that ought to have chaperones when they go among married women."

"Perhaps he loves her," said Grimwood, thoughtfully. "There are always certain excuses to be made for a man who really loves a woman, married or unmarried."

"You're such an incorrigible idealist," said Lady Charlwood. "No one who knows Jenny Beauchamp would doubt that she was clever enough to make him think he loved her; but she's dabbled at the game too long to convince anyone but a very innocent boy."

. . . . .

Strolling home through the Park, Grimwood chanced against Jimmy Carew, Mortimer's most intimate friend.

"I suppose all London's talking about it," said Carew, morosely.

"Pretty much, I gather."

"The infernal scoundrel," said Carew. "You know I feel it pretty badly; I introduced him to the Beauchamps, and I never suspected anything until I got a wire yesterday, sent off from Verona."

"Was she unhappy at home?"

"No. Not more so, at any rate, than any woman likes to think she is. Of course, they all have their ups and downs, that's how they get interest out of life—by fancying they're unhappy one day and the next day revelling in the reaction when they realise that they're quite happy after all. One of the best little women going, really, and then that young blackguard must have come along and talked poetry for sympathy or platonics."

"It's always rather difficult in these cases," said Grimwood, "to understand quite what were the underlying motives."

"It's plain enough to see what happened here," said Carew. "A youngster with nothing to do, ingratiates himself with a pretty woman, who, out of mistaken kindness, is civil to him. Then he tells her he loves her, and compares his great passion with her husband's matter-of-fact affection—you know, the Bernard Shaw business—he needs her most, and so on, and so to save him from doing anything desperate, she pities him and goes off with him."

"What does Beauchamp say?"

"Oh, nothing. He never talks."

. . . . .

In the Club, Bulstrode, of the Engineers, just home from India, put down the paper as Grimwood came in.

"It's a pretty awkward business this about young Mortimer."

"You know the Beauchamps?"

"Fairly well. I was under him, you know. I never noticed her much."

"How does he take it?"

"Beauchamp's one of those devils who never talk, but he's hard hit. I fancy he was wrapped up in her; more than he knew. I may be wrong, but it always seems to me that it needs a very clever woman to be the wife of a man who doesn't talk. Funny thing how women depend on conversation. Always imagine people are not considering them if they're not continually explaining—well, explaining that they are.

. . . . .

"Was she a member?" said Miss Isaacs to Mrs. Baker-Smith in the smoke-room of the Elysian Club. "I often saw her here, but I thought she was only brought in, perhaps."

"Oh, yes, but she wasn't very popular. I believe men liked her."

"I suppose one ought not to envy her," said Miss Isaacs, rather wistfully, "but it always seems a little unfair that a woman who has shown that she is not quite good should not only have a home and a husband, but should still monopolise all the men, while other women are never noticed. There are so few men, and those there are don't want to marry, but I suppose half a dozen would have run away with Mrs. Beauchamp if she'd looked at them."

"She'll come to a bad end," said Mrs. Baker-Smith, primly.

"But even a bad end might be more—more interesting than this," said Miss Isaacs, wearily.

. . . . .

In an hotel at Verona, Mrs. Beauchamp looked out of the window with moist eyes.

"Well, what are you thinking about, dear?" said young Mortimer.

"I was thinking—well, I suppose I was thinking that I wished I knew what he was thinking."

"You'd better go back, perhaps, and find out," said the boy, almost savagely.

"That's just it, I shouldn't know even if I did go back. You must not let me think," and she turned to him with a careless laugh. "I'm sorry; forgive me." And they went into dinner, radiant.

The Opening Situation

"CAN I BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU?"

In reply to numerous inquiries as to the best way for nice young people of opposite sex to make each other's acquaintance at the seaside (with a view, of course, to matrimony), we beg to suggest that the above has the merit of being well tried and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, infallible

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

"Wilhelmina in London." By Barry Pain. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Ha'penny Millionaire." By George Sunbury. (Methuen: 3s. 6d.)
"Profit and Loss." By John Oxenham. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Man Who Rose Again." By Joseph Hocking. (Hodder: 6s.)
"Holiday and Other Poems." By John Davidson. (Grant Richards: 3s. 6d. net.)

What Shall We Take Away?

I do not quite know why, by "holiday books," one should necessarily mean books of a light and frivolous character. I should have thought that, as the general tenour of one's conduct on a holiday is trivial, such time as one is disposed to spare to literature would be given to serious reading. Surely there lurks, at this season, twaddle enough in the spoken word, that one does not also seek it in the written word? For my part, could I elect to "review" in some watered, wooded (and wasp worried) Arcadia instead of the purlieus of Fleet Street, I should be at the moment deep in that massive work, *Land Reform*, by Mr. Jesse Collings; while, awaiting attention on the grassy eminence at my side would be, perhaps, Mr. Swinburne's admirable essay on *William Blake* (Chatto: 6s.), Sir Harry Johnson's work on *Liberia* (Hutchinson: 42s. net), and Mr. E. A. Pratt's volume on *British Canals*, just published by Mr. Murray. To suggest, however, to the holiday-maker on the wing that he or she should pack away such volumes in his or her trunk would expose me to a suspicion of lunacy. The idea is too deeply rooted that a holiday-book should be a trifle light as the air being breathed (out of London) for the advice to carry any weight whatever. Therefore have I (in the aforementioned Fleet Street purlieus) been busy on trifles of the desired kind, upon which I may offer some strictly urban comments.

* * *

A Story of "Adventures?"

A plot of any strength is, I know, taboo from the holiday novel, and the nearest plotless thing to my hand happens to be Mr. Barry Pain's *Wilhelmina in London* (John Long). Now, Wilhelmina is ideal, from the holiday standpoint. She is a young woman of strenuous originality, who tries her luck on new lines in London. She starts her career by getting mixed up in the most startling and interesting fashion in that *mêlée* which lies behind the "Agony Columns" of the papers. These queer little "ads." enable her to revel in quaint and strange adventures. She escapes matrimony with weird people; she does a little private detection; tries giving business men "ideas"; is a love expert; an amateur "medium"; a journalist, of course, and heaps of other light and airy things, eminently suitable for holiday consideration. The book is, morally, quite harmless, as a holiday book should be, for Mr. Barry Pain carefully excludes cataloguing the kind of adventures that a young girl *would* have, alone in London. So Wilhelmina is a thing of fancy to be recommended for that trunk of yours, oh, holiday-maker.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. John Davidson

Who has just issued a new volume of "Holiday and Other Poems." (Grant Richards: 3s. 6d.)

* * *

A Jolly-Old-Gentleman Tale?

Of a similar kind—plotless, pleasant, and humorous—is Mr. George Sunbury's *The Ha'penny Millionaire* (Methuen). Quite *the* ideal holiday book this. Old Mr. Melia, pensioned off in princely fashion by his bank, retires, and begins, at mature age, after he has passed into the be-whiskered state, to see life. He does it at Sandport, a seaside place "oop North," in companionship with one nigger-minstrel person named Brown. As Mr. Melia himself is such a delightfully simple old gentleman (he is a sort of Mr. Boffin up to date), he does and says things which are, of course, funny, and therefore *The Ha'penny Millionaire* guarantees laughter—a very useful thing to be assured of on a holiday.

* * *

A Novel with a Suppressed Plot?

But the plotless story does not get itself written quite well enough, or often enough, that it could supply all one's holiday reading off its own bat. The next best thing to choose is the story with a plot that is there, but which knows, like a good servant, how to keep its place; one which comes in and out of the action neatly and unassumingly, and shuts the door after it. Well, you have one author an adept at this kind of book, and happily he is out with an excellent specimen at the psychological moment. I mean Mr. John Oxenham, with *Profit and Loss* (Methuen: 6s.). Here you have the necessarily melo-dramatic business got over early—the bank clerk who confesses to somebody else's forgery, and gets ten years' transportation. He is shot out of the action early, because it is in his children that you are to be interested, particularly his son, whose adventures in

the literary world are admirably well described. Well, there are plenty of bright people —journalists, editors, clubmen, and the like, plenty of nice young girls; and when they have settled up matters between them, and the hero is embarked on literary fame, we go back to the plot as it was opened. But I positively decline to say how you hear again of the defaulting bank-clerk, as Mr. Oxenham has arranged a series of climaxes and anti-climaxes at the end of the story so thrilling and so surprising that it were vandalism to take the gilt off his gingerbread. *Profit and Loss* is an admirable holiday book, and one of the best Mr. Oxenham has given us.

* * *

A Story Which Does One Good?

The "Conscience" (the Nonconformist one, I mean, of course) is perhaps a little heavy to take away with one, otherwise I might have mentioned here that there is a new Hocking book (Joseph brand) out entitled, *The Man Who Rose Again* (Hodder: 6*s.*). I should, in this case, have ventured the opinion that one might do worse than try it. For the Conscience is really no bad stiffening for a novel. You know, at any rate, that a book which is possessed of it has some underlying motive, that it will take a hold of you on some weak point and leave you full of repentance at the end of it; and, really, I had rather a book sought violently to do me good than that it sought to have no effect at all. Therefore, if your catalogue fails to yield you either a plotless book, or a humorous book, or a book with the suppressed plot, then try a Conscience novel, and this one for choice. It will, at any rate, not do you any harm to read a book that does you good.

Photo *Picture Press*

"Rita" (Mrs. Humphrey)

Whose criticisms on the wholesale theft of book-titles indulged in by authors has attracted wide attention in literary circles

* * *

A New Volume of Holiday Poetry?

But the real thing for holiday reading, as our "Lady Phyllis" assured us but a week or two agone, is light poetry. My fair colleague did not commit herself to recommending a particular living poet, wherein she showed true wisdom. For trouble lies that way. There is, of course, strange as it seems, still Mr. Swinburne; Mr. Kipling's verses, too, are still in print, as also are those of Mr. Watson and Mr. Alfred Austin. To recommend, in cold blood, a volume of either of these for holiday consumption requires a degree of courage which is beyond me. The problem is, however, solved automatically in one case, for Mr. John Davidson (who, in common with about twelve others, is often described as "our only poet") has issued a volume which he himself calls *Holiday and Other Poems* (Grant Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). The author giving them forth as holiday efforts, it were invidious to judge them in the cold, urban spirit. The important fact to note is that, in these verses, Mr. Davidson reveals a new self—a rhyming muse where he was once a thing of blank verse alone, and he also confesses that he has a "speculative interest" in rhyme. Singing of nature at various seasons, he displays the verbal power and rhythmic force one would expect. He inclines to short, sharp lines rather than rolling periods. Here, for instance, is a fragment from "Yuletide," in which the poet tells us that "tumultuous thunder—

> Beat
> Under
> A noteless firmament
> Of Lead.

Just fancy if one were allowed by one's editor to write

> Like
> That,
> And Get Usual Pay
> Per Inch.

There is, also, a wondrous poem entitled, "The Ides of March," in which four or five young gentlemen exchange ideas in the following fashion:—

SANDY:
The sounds are in the street.

BASIL:
I hear a murmuring flood.

PERCY:
I hear a trembling string.

NINIAN:
The sounds are in our blood.

BASIL:
The sounds are of the spring.

And thus, onwards. Vivian, Lionel, and Brian intervene in the poetic debates later, and rhyme just as well as the other fellows. But I like best the hunting poem, which opens:—

> When the pods went pop on the broom green broom
> And apples began to be golden skinned.

Read this poem to the rhythm of the locomotive on the railway journey down. Mark Twain's "Punch, brothers, punch," will be nothing to it.

* * *

In Brief

Mr. John Long has just published *The Confessions of a Princess* (anonymous), "a picture of self-revelation and of manners and morals in High Places." Enough said.——A new writer, but a master of story telling, Mr. Gordon Holmes, is publishing his first novel with Mr. Werner Laurie next week. It is called *The Arncliffe Puzzle*, and is a story of to-day.——Alston Rivers has issued *The Small House: Its Architecture and Surroundings*, by Arthur Martin (2*s.*), a useful little manual on a very interesting and popular theme.

VIVIAN CARTER

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Parting of the Ways

There are moments in the life of games, as of nations, when the dispassionate observer can definitely say that the old order changed, giving place to the new. Such a moment seems to me to have arrived in the life of golf, when it would be well to examine the situation, with the view of discovering the trend of the new movement. There have been three great epochs in golf, to wit, the invention of the gutta ball, which first brought golf within reach of the purse of the humblest; the spread of golf in England, Ireland, and the rest of the world, with its reflex influence on its popularity in Scotland; and, lastly, the appearance of the rubber-cored ball.

Former Stages

There have been minor results of these great events, such as the immense improvement in all the implements of the game and the links on which it is played, but in the main the causes I have enumerated above are directly responsible for the improved position of the game. It is unnecessary for me to go into the two earlier crises of the game, in the course of which the feather ball went from the links into the museums of club-houses, and the old long-headed club and battle-axe iron found a similar resting-place, for these things belong to the history of golf, and are within the knowledge of all students of the game. But the invention of the rubber-cored ball is so recent, and in a very short space of time has so profoundly influenced the game, that we have not yet had time calmly to consider where we are going, and to what point we are being led.

Gutta v. Cored

I doubt whether the early gutta balls were the cause of so many queer and erroneous ideas as the cored ball. From the earliest moment I recognised that the new invention had come to stay, and I felt that, while it would profoundly modify and change the game, yet that it was bound ultimately to prove a blessing to it. Opinion is consolidating in the same direction, and though you will find here and there a *laudator temporis acti* mournfully proclaiming that the game has been ruined, and fondly and hopelessly desiring a return to the gutta ball and the old order of things, such "ancient mariners" are becoming fewer and fewer as the years pass, and, for the most part, we are bending our energies to the problem of how best to shape the new conditions for the greatest benefit of player and game alike.

A Retrospect

We are beginning to recover from the scare which the new ball produced, and which made us fly to extreme remedies, such as the immense lengthening of courses, this particular remedy being now recognised to be almost worse than the disease it was intended to cure. We are slowly coming back to the earlier conception of golf courses, according to which the game was one of skill, art, and strength, and not, as it later became, one of strength alone. The brute force of the last few years of the gutta ball has had to give way before the science and timing which the new ball imperatively demands. This is a result for which we must all be unfeignedly grateful, for it has restored the game to its proper position of a pastime giving scope for the display of the utmost skill and science, without unduly favouring mere physical strength.

The Best Course

But we have not yet got a very precise notion of the best kind of course to lay out for the ball. We are abandoning mere length, but we are not yet quite certain how best to place our hazards. The immense amount of scoring competitions has led to a great demand for side hazards in place of those on the line of the hole, and extreme exponents of this school of thought go so far as to say that there should be no hazard at all on the straight line to the hole. To this school the old course at St. Andrews is an abomination, and they loudly condemn it as unfair, for their best tee shot, they say, may find a grave in some hidden pot-bunker. So they lay out excellent but uninteresting courses, where only the puller or slicer is punished, but where the straight hitter has nothing to fear. Happily, there is another strong school of players who recognise that courses of the above type do not satisfy the entire needs of the game, for they leave out a very fine element indeed, which demands that the player shall at each hole be confronted with a problem, for the solution of which his brains must assist his physical dexterity.

The St. Andrews' Model

For the true enjoyment of the game, and also for the purpose of testing players at all points, courses of the type of St. Andrews are a *sine quâ non*. The side hazard is all very well in its way, but it is not enough, and I feel convinced that we shall more and more adopt the St. Andrews' model as the best solution of the problem set us by the new ball. We have tried length and found it horribly uninteresting. We have tried side hazards alone and found them, like side dishes at dinner, excellent but unsatisfying, and we shall gradually revert to the old models, with their narrow fair-way dotted with traps and their smaller putting greens. Out of the present melting-pot the game will emerge stronger and better than ever.

Ernest Lehmann

Swan-Upping on the Thames

Photo *Calcott*

Drawing a cordon of boats round some swans

QUITE reminiscent of the times when top-hats and frock-coats were unknown, and the "mere male" did not disdain to don garments of all colours of the rainbow, is the garb worn by those who perform the interesting ceremony of "Swan-upping" each year on the Thames. The swans on the River belong either to the King, the Dyers' Company, or the Vintners' Company, and the annual marking is carried out by the representatives of the three owners. The boats, each of which bears a "banner with a strange device," proceed to the swans' haunts, and a cordon is drawn around them to prevent their escape. When captured—a none too pleasant task—each bird is marked on its bill, after which it is returned to the element which it prefers, to be unmolested until the next "upping" time comes round.

Marking a cygnet on the mandible with the Vintners' Company's mark

Throwing a swan back into the water after marking

The Common Life

Most of us have experienced that peculiar thrill which comes from peering through a suddenly opened window into the past. I say "suddenly opened," because it depends largely upon the beholder whether he sees what is on the other side of the pane, or himself and his times reflected in it.

It is the little common details of life which create the vision. The silks and brocades of the eighteenth-century beaux are well enough known to us. We can see them in the pictures of the time and hear them discussed in plays and novels. But what would we not give to see the shop where they were fashioned, and the little sober-suited tailor bowing low to a new customer, or pursing his lips over a mistake revealed in the "trying-on"? Imagine how our old pieces of furniture would be illuminated if we could see the lady who owned one of our cherished Chippendale bureaus when it was new, sitting down on it with her quill pen to write a note, or leaning back in her chair to interview the cook.

To my mind, the charm of Pepys' "Diary" or of Jane Austen's novels lies largely in the unconscious insight gained from them into the way people carried on their day to day existence in those succeeding centuries; and I can understand the fascination of a dull eighteenth-century novel to a mind like that of Sir Walter Besant. Its value as literature might be nothing, but the more long-winded detail it afforded about the doings of its characters the greater interest it would arouse.

And this brings me to the curious speculation as to how our descendants are to gain their insight into *our* daily doings, when their manners of life are as far apart from ours as ours are from those of the days of hoops and powder. They will have no lack of second-class novels to refer to, certainly; but if there is one outstanding characteristic common to the second-class novels of to-day it is that their authors usually prefer to write about a state of society of which they are entirely ignorant.

None of them, apparently, think it worth while to put their characters into that state of life which the majority of themselves adorn, and which, however uninteresting now, might be of the greatest possible interest to a reader a century hence, who, on the other hand, could only be mystified if he tried to collate from contemporary works of fiction the exact way in which the lords and ladies of the early twentieth century lived and moved and had their being. I think, for the sake of my great-grandchildren, I shall have to write that description of my own humdrum daily life and my own immediate surroundings, and leave it to them to find a publisher. MUS RUSTICUS.

Summer Holidays

The London and South Western Railway Company has issued concise and convenient programmes, giving full particulars of fast excursions from London (Waterloo Station) during the summer months to the numerous delightful seaside and inland holiday resorts of the sunny South and South-West, including the principal places of interest in Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, etc. Also rail and sea trips to the Channel Islands, and the French coast for Normandy, Brittany, etc. Many charming day trips are also announced from Waterloo Station to the riverside places, and to the lovely Surrey hills. The popular first-class rail and coach trips through the New Forest, and to Salisbury, for mysterious Stonehenge, are also announced, at a fare of one guinea (including luncheon).

Copies of programmes, also illustrated guides, and list of hotels, apartments, lodgings, etc., "free" upon receipt of post-card to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

Photo] **A great firm's garden-party** [*Campbell-Gray*

The well-known firm of Waring and Gillow recently gave the huge staff of their new premises in Oxford Street a garden-party at Mr. S. J. Waring's beautiful place in Kent. Their houses in Liverpool and Manchester were also well represented

The Match of the Season

SOME SCENES AT THE YORKSHIRE v. SURREY MATCH AT THE OVAL

T. L. Taylor and the Hon. F. S. Jackson

Yorkshire had the strongest team possible in the match, except that critics thought they should have had another good bowler at the expense of the batting strength

One of Lees' youthful admirers

Outside the play itself, one of the features of the match was the way in which prominent cricketers were pestered for autographs. On the left is Strudwick

Photos *Baker and Muggeridge*

Surrey's four amateur players

Reading from left to right the names are Lord Dalmeny, N. A. Knox, who terrified Yorkshire by his lightning deliveries, P. R. May, and Crawford

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Punting Championships at Shepperton

Punting in an ordinary pleasure punt is an accomplishment of which there are many devotees, but few really competent or graceful exponents. Punting in a racing punt is a fine art which seems to demand an inherent capacity for watermanship in one of its most delicate forms, combined with constant practice and perfect physical fitness. It is not surprising, therefore, that the entries for the Amateur Punting Championship Meeting, which was held last week over the customary course at Shepperton, were select rather than numerous. It was a gathering of experts, and under the management of one of the most enthusiastic of them, Mr. P. W. Squire, everything went off well. Lord Desborough, himself one of the pioneers of punting on the Thames and an ex-champion, was there, and acted as one of the judges, while among other ex-champions present were T. B. Rixon, C. R. Mullings, N. M. Cohen, and W. Colin Romaine. In the Championship, J. H. Secker, the winner of 1904 and 1905, was again victorious. He started badly by dropping the pole and then picking up a stone after a few strokes, but as soon as he got fairly going, he always held his adversary, F. C. Covell safe, and having established a good two lengths' lead at the ryepeck, where he made a neat turn, he was able to take it fairly easily on the return journey. The Doubles Championship went to the two ex-champions, Colin Romaine and C. R. Mullings, who beat Secker and H. Graves, after a good race, by a little over half a length in 4 min. 14 sec. The survivors in the final of the Seniors' race were I. G. Witherington, the old Carthusian Association footballer, and B. M. Patton, also renowned as an ice-hockey player. This proved an easy win for Witherington, who led throughout, and came in three lengths ahead in 4 min. 23 sec. But the final of the Juniors', between H. Graves (Secker's partner in the Doubles) and H. J. Jaffe, was a terrific struggle. There was never half a length between them all through the journey, and ultimately Graves got home by a few feet in the good time—for Juniors' race—of 4 min. 24 sec.

The G.O.M. of Cricket

Who celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday at the wicket, in the Gents *v.* Players' match, by making an innings of seventy-four, and giving a fine display of bowling

Stirring Times at Bradford and the Oval

There was plenty of excitement in cricket last week, for, before meeting each other, Yorkshire and Surrey, who are running almost neck-and-neck for the headship, both got into tight places, and both extricated themselves therefrom with some skill. The crisis came for Surrey in their match with Worcestershire at the Oval, when they were set to get 286 in their last innings—no light job in itself—and lost four wickets for 112, so that with only five wickets to fall—for Smith was ill—they still wanted 174. This was the state of affairs when Hobbs, who had been batting steadily and well, was joined by J. H. Gordon, the young Oxford freshman, and the pair between them turned what looked uncomfortably like an impending defeat into a brilliant six wickets' victory. It was altogether an exceptional performance, because it was done with a coolness which young players cannot always be relied upon to possess. But these two were never in the least flurried, and played with as much confidence as if the innings had been the first instead of the last. Gordon is especially to be congratulated on having done such a big thing in his second county match. Yorkshire's plight against Sussex at Bradford was, perhaps, at one time even a worse one than Surrey's, for when Hirst played on in their second innings, they were only 35 runs ahead and had only two wickets to fall. But, as so often happens, the Yorkshire tail was equal to the occasion. Lord Hawke and Hunter, the two veterans of the team, put on 34 runs apiece, and, with the assistance of Deyes, who stayed with Hunter for twenty-five minutes, raised the total to 250. This left Sussex 123 to get, with an hour and fifty minutes to go. It looked easy enough, but Hirst made it extremely difficult, and Yorkshire would have had quite a good chance of snatching an unexpected victory had it not been that the game was stopped by arrangement at five minutes past five.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Surrey v. Yorkshire: The rival captains

Lord Hawke and Lord Dalmeny tossing for innings. Lord Hawke won the toss

Punting Club Regatta

J. H. Secker, the winner of the Amateur Punting Championship (Singles)

The hief point of interest at the Thames Punting Club Regatta at Shepperton last week was, of course, the Amateur Championship. Secker, who was also successful in 1904 and 1905, made a bad start, but soon caught up and passed his opponent, F. C. Covell, and finished three lengths in front

The original time fixed for drawing stumps was 5.30, and in the remaining twenty-five minutes anything might have happened, for Sussex still wanted 78, and had five wickets in hand. They might have done it, and, on the other hand, Hirst and Haigh between them might have managed to get them all out. Anyway, there was a prospect of a good sporting finish, and it is a pity that the original time was not adhered to. It was surely quite early enough for all practical purposes.

Surrey v. Yorkshire

The big match at the Oval did not produce the close fight which was anticipated. On the opening day, Lees and N. A. Knox proved so formidable that Yorkshire's first knock (in the course of which, by the way, not a single wicket was bowled down) only realised 186, and, but for Tunnicliffe, the total would have probably been quite insignificant. Surrey replied with 387, to which Hayward, Hayes, and J. N. Crawford were the chief contributors, and then, in an indifferent light on Friday afternoon, Yorkshire had to go in against arrears of 201. Rhodes and Tunnicliffe started promisingly, but when rain ultimately stopped play, their wickets, as well as that of Denton, had fallen, and on Saturday morning the ball was coming off the pitch in all sorts of different ways, so that it seemed quite on the cards that Surrey would not have to go in again. However, Hirst came to the rescue, and, though twice hit, played the most patient and most masterly (as well as the highest) innings of the match. How difficult runs were to get may be judged from the fact that at one time he only scored two in the course of forty-five minutes. When Lord Hawke joined him, and managed to keep his end up for over an hour, while Hirst went on with the run-getting, there was a chance that the situation might be saved, but after this partnership had been dissolved by a catch at slip, which got rid of the captain, Hirst did not stay much longer, and the innings closed for 297. Surrey had 97 to make to win, and two hours and ten minutes to do it in. Hayward and Hobbs started, and as soon as it was seen that they were pretty well at home, no doubt as to the issue was felt. The thing was finally done with the loss only of Hobbs's wicket.

Lawn Tennis: A Long Match at East Grinstead

One of the most noteworthy things that occurred in lawn tennis last week was the long match played between Miss Pinckney and Miss Eastlake Smith in the Ladies' Singles at the East Grinstead Tournament. These two players have had close matches with each other before now. At Leicester, two years ago, they commenced a match at twelve, and went on till nearly two. But last Thursday they were at it for nearly two hours and a half, the first set alone consisting of 30 games. The third, which Miss Pinckney finally won, was also an advantage set. The play was brilliant. Miss Pinckney, later in the afternoon, won the final of the Ladies' Doubles Handicap with Mrs. Hawker.

C. R. Mullings and W. Colin Romaine, who won the Doubles Punting Championship

Mullings and Romaine, both ex-champions, were successful in beating Secker, the Singles Champion, and Graves in the Doubles by three-quarters of a length. Lord Desborough acted as umpire during the Regatta

Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

A Good Report

In the report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the working of the Motor-Car Acts, there is conclusive evidence of the important place now occupied by the automobile sport and industry in our national life. Lord Selby and his brother Commissioners have taken an eminently fair and statesmanlike view of the many *pros* and *cons* that must be urged in considering the question of locomotion on highways, and their recommendations to Parliament should command the support of all concerned. The points of principal interest dealt with by the Commission are speed, vibration, and dust, and in the course of forty-one sittings, exhaustive evidence was heard from 122 witnesses examined on these and matters of minor import. As a result, the Commissioners recommend that "the present general speed limit of twenty miles an hour for light motor-cars should be abolished," and that local authorities should have power to impose a twelve-mile limit "in towns and villages and at dangerous corners, steep hills, and similar places where caution is required," such limits to be indicated by danger signal boards and other notifications. The emission of smoke or visible vapour on a public highway in such a quantity as to cause annoyance or danger, and the causing of excessive noise or vibration not of a momentary description, should be an offence, say the Commissioners, and to this end it is suggested that "the speed limit of heavy motor-cars weighing from two to three tons, and having non-resilient tyres, should be reduced to five miles an hour." Motor-omnibuses and heavy vehicles plying for hire are to be exempted from this restriction, and may continue to travel at twelve miles an hour where the conditions are suitable.

Dust Prevention

There is no doubt whatever, the Commissioners think, about the dust nuisance, but they very properly point out that the state of the roads is the principal factor in occasioning the annoyance, and they recommend that fines and penalties imposed upon motorists should be devoted to road improvement. This, as motoring readers of THE BYSTANDER will remember, has frequently been advocated in these columns. After pointing out that as regards injury to property by the distribution of dust, it is, nevertheless, true that the letting value of many houses in some parts of the country has been

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Miss Vesta Victoria on her Argyll car

Like many of her professional brothers and sisters, Miss Vesta Victoria is an ardent automobolist. She constantly uses her car when on tour, and declares it by far the most delightful form of travel she knows

substantially increased by the additional accessibility which they have acquired owing to the introduction of motor-cars, the report continues :—

Speaking generally, we came to the conclusion that at a speed below ten miles an hour the dust raised is comparatively slight, that it increases very greatly at from, say, twelve to twenty miles an hour, and continues to increase, but in a smaller proportion, at higher speeds. It follows that the dust nuisance, which supplies perhaps the most common and serious ground of complaint against motor-cars, is largely within the power of the motor driver to control, if he be content to reduce the speed of his car to that of ordinary horse-drawn traffic. Although we look to an improvement in road surfaces to effect the chief remedy for the dust nuisance, we feel that this remedy can but be of slow application, and we have seriously considered whether we should not recommend that an obligation should be placed by Act or regulations upon the driver so to drive his car as not to produce an excessive amount of dust when passing houses or traffic. If an obligation of this character could be readily imposed and enforced, it would have much to recommend it, but, after careful consideration of the question, we have not seen our way to advise that the production of dust should be made a statutory offence. We feel that such a provision would be difficult to enforce and uncertain in its application, and that it would frequently be impossible for the driver, of his own knowledge, to disprove the charge even if it were ill-founded or maliciously made. The question of the production of dust nevertheless, one which motorists will do well to keep constantly before them, for if cars continue to be driven in dusty weather at high speeds without regard to the discomfort and annoyance caused to every other user of the highway and dweller alongside it, there may arise an irresistible demand for some drastic provision on the subject.

The Heavy-Weight Championship Cup

This Cup, of American design, was secured by a British-built Napier car at Ormond Beach Races, Florida, U.S.A.

Other matters dealt with in the eighty odd pages of the Report include registration, identification, taxation — which, say the Commissioners, "should be increased, and should be raised by means of a consolidated scale of duties" —and the endorsement of licenses. On this latter point it is recommended that "the holder of an endorsed license should be entitled to obtain a clean license after two years, during which he has held a license without further endorsement." "A right of appeal," the Commissioners add, "should lie when endorsement or a fine of over twenty shillings has been imposed." There will not, of course, be any alteration of the existing laws until next year, but the tolerant and judicial attitude of the Commissioners will assuredly bear good fruit in the immediate future, and do much to minimise that pestilent police persecution prevalent in certain districts, which has so frequently been deprecated by THE BYSTANDER.

Matter for Thought for Fat Persons.

THERE is a condition of ill-health from which many corpulent persons may, and do frequently, suffer without fully appreciating the imminent danger of the symptoms, the development of which may at any time prove fatal. This condition is due to the clogging of the vital organs with deposits of fat that impede the proper action of the heart, liver, and kidneys, and that in time may produce the worst results of what is called fatty degeneration. A well-known authority says in "Corpulency and the Cure," a standard work on this important subject :— "An excess of fat not only becomes burdensome and unsightly, but a positive evil ; and frequently an absolute danger." The writer, Mr. F. C. Russell, proceeds to explain that "an accumulation of it (fat) may occur between the muscles upon the heart, causing embarrassed respiration, or around the kidneys, and persons in this condition are not only rendered uneasy in themselves and unfit to discharge the various duties of life, but are extremely liable to disease in the vital organs."

This should be matter for serious thought for all stout persons, many of whom are too prone to acquiesce in their obese condition without a serious attempt to remedy it, while others, who have tried many remedies, have failed to find a really permanent cure. There are others, also, who manage to keep within bounds by means of quite unnecessary semi-starvation, accompanied by other restrictive measures which combine to make life a misery.

In an enlightened age, these things should be of the past ; as truly they are with those people whose good fortune has led them to follow a course of the famous "Russell" treatment, the only true method of permanent fat reduction. This admirable treatment does not rob the individual of the superfluous fat at the expense of health, strength, and vitality. On the contrary, it builds up strength and energy. It admits of no foolish dietary restrictions, but increases appetite, and assists the digestive and assimilative organs to enrich the blood with a proper quantity of well-digested nourishment, so that the masses of unhealthy fat driven from the body are replaced by sound muscular fibre, and the nervous system is strengthened and revitalised.

In "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), which deals exhaustively with every phase of the subject, is to be found the recipe of the harmless liquid tonic which is practically the basis of Mr. Russell's treatment. The compound, as will be seen, contains nothing but inoffensive vegetable ingredients, and would not hurt the most delicate subject.

The reductive effects of the "Russell" *régime* are remarkable ; as within twenty-four hours of beginning the course, the scale test will prove a loss varying from ½ lb. to 2 lb. in ordinary cases ; in severe cases the difference in weight may be from 3 lb. to 4 lb. Steadily proceeding until complete cure, the daily reduction is consistent, if slightly fluctuating, and when normal weight and symmetry of figure are attained there is no need to keep up the treatment ; with ordinary prudence there is no fear of a recrudescence of the fat development ; the tendency to "put on flesh" is destroyed.

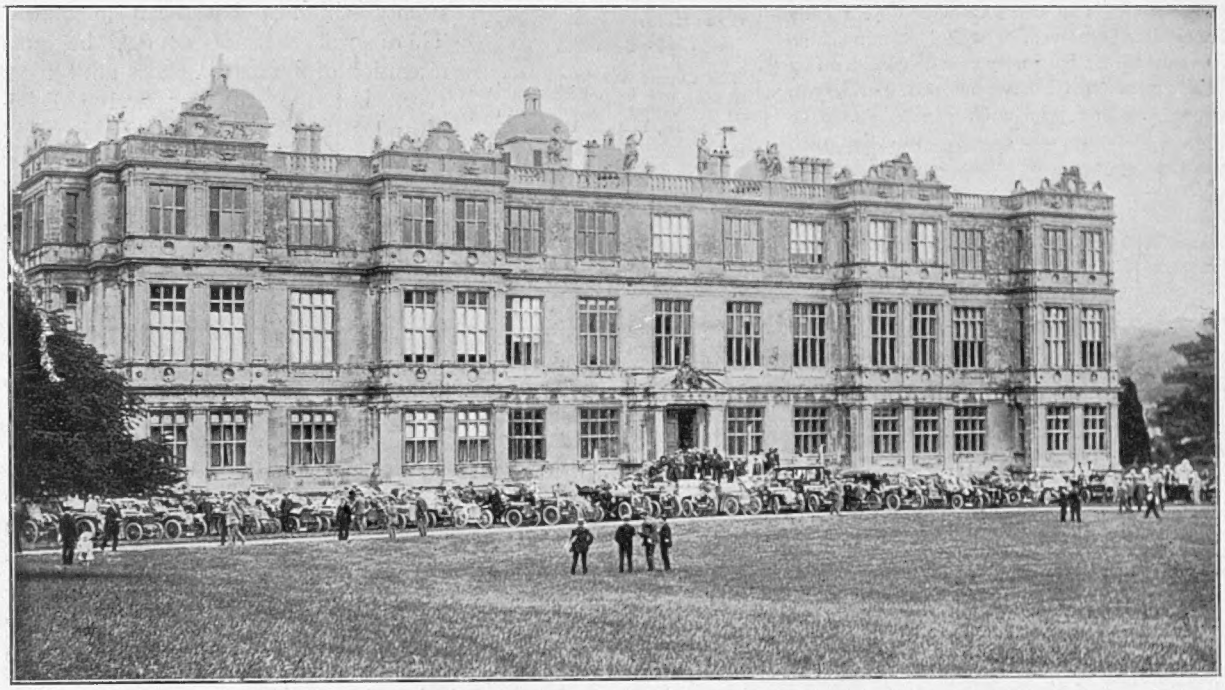
Readers of THE BYSTANDER who desire complete knowledge of the details of this easy, pleasant, and reliable treatment, should write for a free copy of "Corpulency and the Cure." This they may obtain by sending three penny stamps (to cover postage under private envelope) to the author, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., who will be pleased to forward the 19th edition of the book by return of post. Nothing that any stout person may wish to know has been omitted from this noteworthy volume.

Hill-Climbing Handicaps

Since the desirability of adopting a standard handicap formula for use in the various hill-climbing contests held throughout the season in various counties was first suggested in THE BYSTANDER, there has been a remarkably prolific crop of suggestions as to how that standard formula should be arrived at. There is scarcely a writer on automobile topics in the kingdom who has not aired his views on the matter, and all are agreed that "something must be done." One of the best and simplest suggestions has been made by *The Automotor Journal*, to the effect that weight of car and contents, divided by fuel consumed, should determine merit in all these competitions. Amplifying this suggestion, Mr. A. E. Berriman, of the journal in question, has written me an interesting letter. He says: "The great joke in the controversy is that, while several writers have suggested the introduction of 'fuel' into the formula, one and all, except ourselves, have failed to reduce the thing mathematically to its simplest form. As a result they retain 'time,' which, while no doubt very interesting in itself —when published—should not appear in the formula. Mr. Edge's suggestion *re* cylinder capacity is, of course, all right theoretically, and also from a purely scientific point of view, but 'smallest engine for given power' means money, and if there is a purchasing public who object to pay, then the large section of manufacturers who cater for the men of moderate means are entitled to be heard. Of course, the great trouble *re* 'fuel' is that people *will* think we are on economy and the saving of pence in the petrol bill. This is not so. A gallon of petrol has a definite heat value—that is to say, it can do a definite amount of work. If your engine does not do as much on a gallon as another, then there is friction or faulty design somewhere, which is wasting the difference. That is what we want to find out, and weight ÷ fuel will help us. You may have an engine as big or as little as you like, but a little car, if as well designed and made as a large one, should rank equally in merit of performance, and the public should be left to take account of the price."

Miscellanea

No less than 195 touring-cars were assembled at Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, during the meet of the Motor Union. Mr. A. Armitage, Hon. Sec. of the Somerset County Automobile Club, and Mr. W. Rees Jeffreys, Secretary of the Motor Union, are alike to be congratulated on the success which attended the first important function organised in a purely country town. — As the ballooning season is now in full flight, I shall have some remarks to make next week about a trip I made recently. Meanwhile, it may be noted that Mr. Paul Brodtmann, Managing Director of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, has introduced a new rubber and silk fabric for use in the construction of "envelopes."—Final results of the Scottish Trials may be looked for early this month.—To-day and to-morrow, the Annual Reliability Trials for motor-vessels are being held on Southampton Water under the direction of the Motor Yacht Club.—The Automobile Club has formed a fund to aid relatives of those killed and survivors of the Handcross Hill disaster.—In and around Plymouth, police-traps are very numerous, particularly on the Plympton and Yealmpton roads.—Four traps are in operation in the Lake District, at Troutbeck Bridge, Cook's Corner, White Moss, and Dunmail Rise.—St. Albans has been granted a ten-mile speed limit.—Between Gosforth and Morpeth, a twelve-miles stretch on the North road, a police-trap is being worked by telephone.



Longleat Hill Climb: The meet at Longleat House, the seat of the Marquis of Bath

The trials, which were under the auspices of the Motor Union and the Somerset County Automobile Club, were very successful in every way. No less than 195 cars were present at the meet at the Marquis of Bath's beautiful seat

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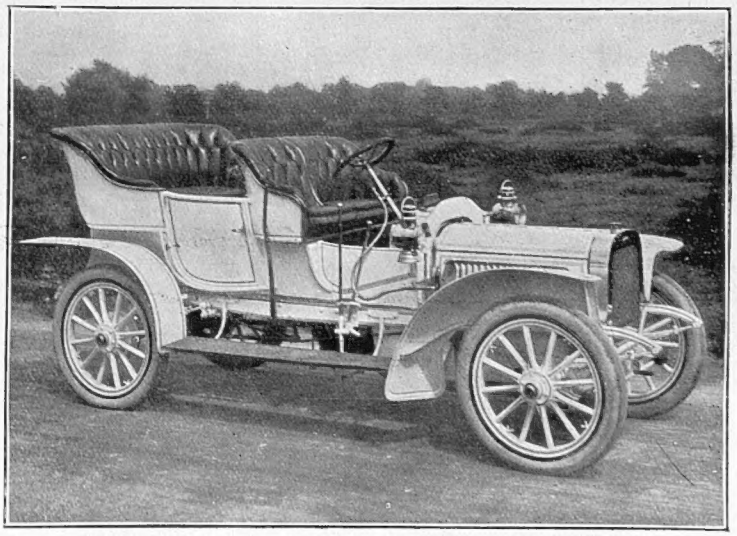

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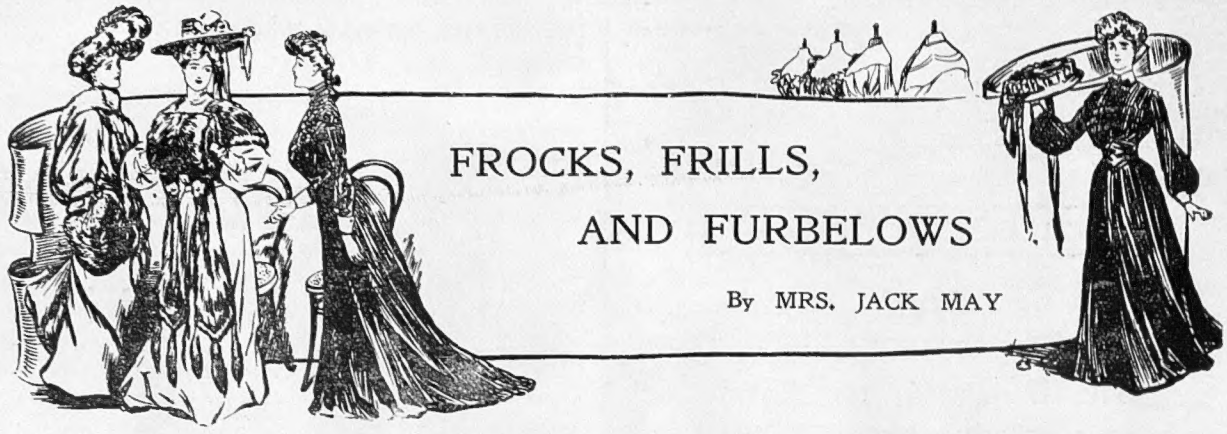

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Costumes for Cowes

The real yachtswoman is born; she cannot be made. There are any number of spurious imitations, it is true, who bravely face the unpleasant sensation of what Huntley Wright so quaintly describes as "The beautiful, bounding, beastly sea." They also wear perfectly thought-out costumes, adding atmosphere by a sprinkling of studiously acquired nautical expressions. The Castle ground represents the heaven of such, wherefore purgatory has, perchance, to be paid by a short sojourn on board a "white-winged yacht." However, this counterfeit presentment takes nobody in but herself, and suffers lamentably when placed in close proximity to the genuine yachtswoman, with her breezy ways, and calm, persistent adherence to a really practical get-up.

All of which, as will doubtless be surmised, is apropos of Cowes, a gathering that reveals to a remarkable degree the value of breeding. In substance, my Lady Vere de Vere, in her blue serge suit, white shoes, and yachting cap with a peak, bears a dangerous similitude to Mary Jane on Margate sands. But what a world of difference lies between the two in actual fact, a difference that cannot be defined, or put into words, and which, at the same time, is patent to the dullest intelligence.

Cream Frieze and Serge to the Fore

An emphasis that is unmistakable is being laid on cream frieze and serge suits, while the bolero is persistent to a degree that gives one to think Cowes will, perhaps, effectually exhaust its claims. A reflection that is much strengthened by the fact that all the leading *tailleurs des dames* are concerned in the creation of a coat with a short basque, together with that short, semi-fitting sacque, which my prophetic instinct foretells will exact frequent descriptive repetition.

For my own part, I was never more convinced of the appropriateness of any style, being, at the same time, equally persuaded as to the doubtfulness of a ready acceptance being afforded it. Talking the outlook over with the heads of the leading West-End *ateliers*, I gathered that the fraternity have small hope of getting in more than the thin end of the wedge during the early part of the autumn, preference being given to the safer long three-quarter basque coat, with fitted back.

An original yachting costume

In pale blue serge, relieved by touches of black, enhanced by gold-embroidered pennants. The buttons are black, embroidered in gold, and the pale blue linen cap is finished with a patent leather peak *(Drawn by K. Pleydel Vount)*

A quantity of cool striped flannels, built after this manner, have been prepared in view of Cowes, and these, well worn, with neat, sympathetic headgear, hold out every promise of proving a safe success.

Flat application of braid is a justifiable decoration on a yachting gown; while a fine French *piqué*, for vest and collars, has few rivals in the cause of the smart blue serge, although it is being run somewhat closely this year by *linon*, both plain and embroidered. A particularly neat cream serge suit carried a deep under-collar of pale blue lawn, with a smaller upper one of white embroidered linen. The *ensemble* was quite excellent. A blue serge — one of Fox's superfine qualities — appealed